# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A° D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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### A Brief History

*THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is the oldest journal of any kind that is issued to-day from the American press. Its history may be traced back in a continuous, unbroken line to the days when young Benjamin Franklin edited and printed the old Pennsylvania Gazette. In nearly one hundred and eighty years there has been hardly a week—save only while the British army held Philadelphia and patriotic printers were in exile—when the magazine has not been issued.*

*During Christmas week, 1728, Samuel Keimer began its publication under the title of the Universal Instructor in all Arts and Sciences and Pennsylvania Gazette. In less than a year he sold it to Benjamin Franklin, who, on October 2, 1729, issued the first copy under the name of the Pennsylvania Gazette. Franklin sold his share in the magazine to David Hall, his partner, in 1765. In 1805 the grandson of David Hall became its publisher. When he died, in 1821, his partner, Samuel C. Atkinson, formed an alliance with Charles Alexander, and in the summer of that year they changed the title of the Gazette to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.*

## "Swollen Fortunes"

**We believe that the most important and engrossing public question now before the people of the United States and their legislative representatives is the problem of the concentration of much wealth in few hands—"Swollen Fortunes," as the President calls them.**

**These fortunes are a condition, not a theory. Is the condition a good one, or a bad? The man who amasses such a fortune does so because he is the best qualified to amass it—but is he therefore the best qualified to administer it to the welfare of the many? And if he is, do his children, and his children's children, who inherit the fortune, inherit also that qualification? After money has been built to a certain height it may go on growing without any labor on the part of its owners: will our swollen fortunes swell still more, or will they dwindle by division among many heirs?**

**In a word, is or is not President Roosevelt right in his contention for the limitation of great fortunes?**

**The article on these fortunes which David Graham Phillips contributes to the present number of The Saturday Evening Post is only the first of a series of papers upon this subject by prominent men of every shade of opinion. We believe that the problem is so big that it ought to be considered by many men—so many-sided that every side ought to be presented—and we have arranged for a number of articles by the leading minds in the industrial, political and business worlds.**

## The Siamese Cat

**This magazine has always been as fortunate in its short serials as in its long ones; nor is this rule altered in the case of The Siamese Cat. Mr. Henry Milner Rideout, the author, has already attracted favorable attention by his shorter work, and now steps into the front ranks of romancers with this story of mystery and adventure in the Far East. There is about it all the lure of the cryptic Orient, and all the abiding charm that goes with climax upon climax, chaining the interest to its riddles, its perils and its love affairs.**

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## In the Open

**This week we start a new department devoted to athletics and out-of-door life and interests. We intend to make this a regular feature. We realize that athletics form a large part of American life, and have, for this reason, secured an eminent authority to conduct that division of our magazine.**


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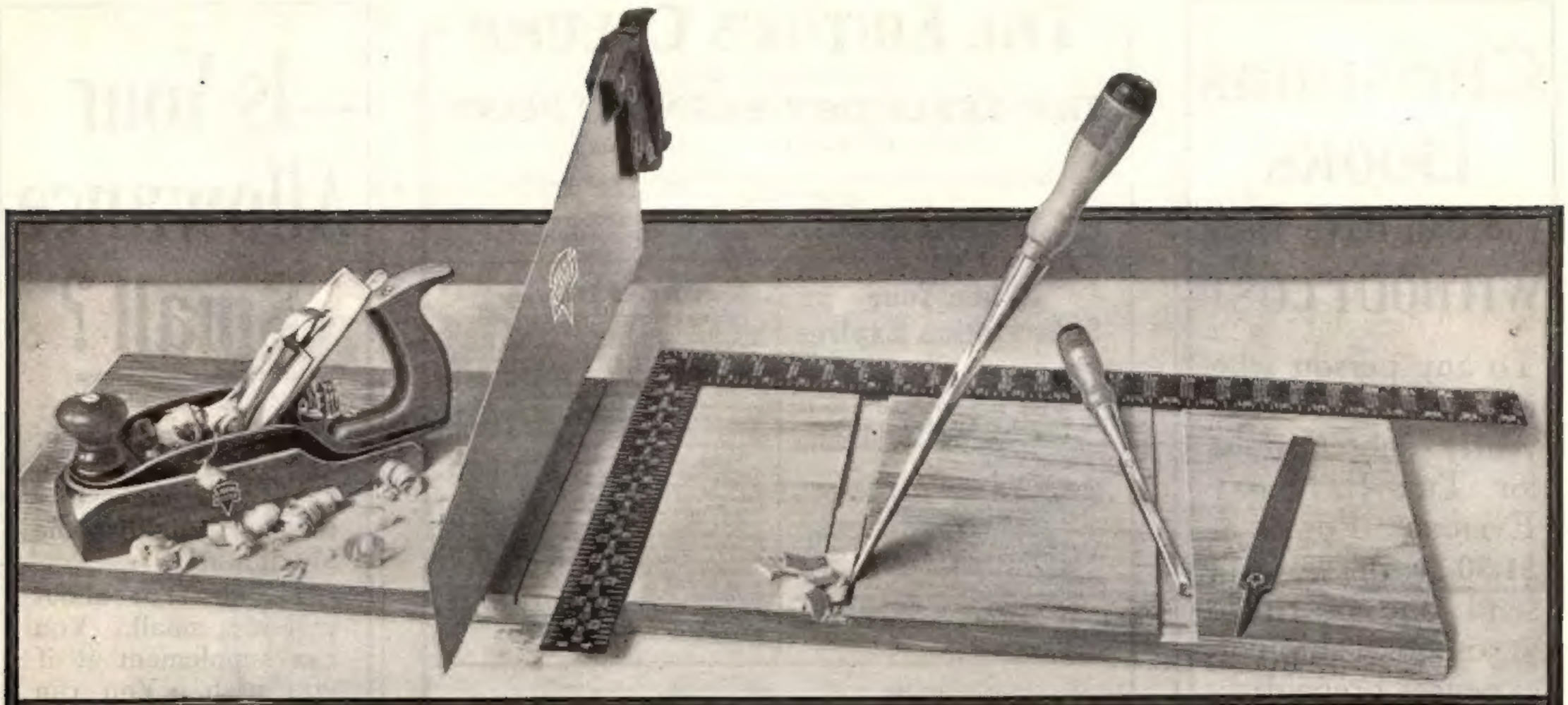

# Tools for the Home

Some people are not very particular about the tools they buy for home use.

As a matter of fact, tools for the home should be better, if anything, than shop tools.

The shop contains facilities for sharpening, setting, and adjusting, if they should need attention—though of course the expert will have none but the best.

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# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Copyright, 1906, by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, in the United States and Great Britain

Founded A°D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.

Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

Volume 179 — PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 22, 1906 — Number 25


# SWOLLEN FORTUNES

## How Shall a Menace to Our Institutions be Curbed Without Injustice to Legitimate Interests or Injury to Honest Business?

## BY DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

> We shall ultimately have to consider the adoption of some such scheme as that of the progressive tax on all fortunes beyond a certain amount, either given in life or devised or bequeathed upon death to any individual — a tax so framed as to put it out of the power of the owner of one of these enormous fortunes to hand on more than a certain amount to any individual. — President Roosevelt's Speech at Washington, April 13, 1906.
>
> In the near future our national legislators should enact a law providing for a graduated inheritance tax. . . . The pro rata of the tax should increase very heavily with the increase of the amount left to any one individual after a certain point has been reached. . . . At first a *permanent* national inheritance tax . . . need not approximate . . . to what such a tax should ultimately be. — President Roosevelt's Message to the Congress, December 4, 1906.

A POLITICIAN hears and echoes what is on the lips of the people; a statesman feels and utters what is in their hearts. When, last spring, Mr. Roosevelt delivered the first of the two sentences here quoted, his audience held more than a sprinkling of agents of the plutocracy in both houses of Congress and in the executive departments, creatures of the political machines, which have become the creatures of "swollen" and swelling fortunes. They had assembled expecting to hear him denounce those who were exposing the cause of the one ever deeper and blacker shadow across the path of national democratic progress. Instead of enjoying themselves, they sat aghast before a boldly proclaimed proposal of attack more effective than any up-piling of angry adjectives. For here was the President of the United States, the chief of the party which, because so long in power, has been prey to the artful and successful machinations of the big corruptors—here was he, not indulging in the familiar futility of twisting the monster's tail, but calmly proposing to cut off its head! Highly amusing were the comments of Senators, Representatives, party leaders, to the reporters who eagerly sought them out. Those of his own party did not dare attack their chief or confess their consternation. A few did venture to suggest that it was simply another case of "loose talk from Teddy." Possibly they all believed this—for it is difficult for men to realize that one may have a cool head behind an impetuous manner, may be voluble and vehement and also astute. Even the wisest of us are superficial in our judgments of our fellow-men; and Roosevelt's teeth and explosive speech cover securely the far-sightedness evidenced in the conduct of his brilliant career. The politicians could not understand why Mr. Roosevelt should have made these "socialistic" declarations. Was not the country prosperous? Were not the people content with the existing order?

Then, in October, came the Harrisburg speech. In April Mr. Roosevelt had used a vague, remote "ultimately"; in October he showed that he believed "ultimately" had arrived, for he said, "It *is* our clear duty." And he talked boldly of "swollen fortunes." That adjective "swollen"! It means only the abnormal, the diseased. Nothing healthy, however large, is "swollen." The President of the United States, the chief of the party of the "safe, sane and conservative," had publicly declared that these vast singly-owned accumulations of wealth were not the products of the industrial captain's genius, but were "swollen," were disease. There was no mistaking the President's meaning or purpose. His "loose talk" was deliberate. The first and dominant paragraph in the Roosevelt program was to be dealing directly with the problem of concentrated wealth. And his latest message to Congress proves without doubt that he is thoroughly in earnest.

Nothing could be falser or sillier than to describe President Roosevelt's voicing of American public sentiment on the subject of concentrated wealth as voicing the envy of the House of Have Not for the House of Have. The American people are singularly free from envy, most generously admiring the prosperity of those who *work* and *deserve*. It is not the wealth that flows from work and deserts that disturbs the American people. It is the unearned fortune; it is the stolen fortune; it is the "swollen" fortune. It is the wealth that is being corruptly used both to increase itself and, worse still, to constrict the area of progressive prosperity. To be prosperous by honest, intelligent work, to be able to surround one's self with comfort, to raise one's family's standard of living—that is civilization, is American. And the future of the Republic and of its people depends upon the continuance and the spread of the American ambition to "get on." But to prosper by fraud and theft, and to use the ill-gotten gains in vain show, and in seducing public officials, and in tempting or compelling one's fellowmen to become one's dependents—that is not civilization, but barbarism—all the vices of savagery minus its virtues of sturdiness and courage. America has meant work and progress, not chicane and degenerating luxury. And the steady, reflective gaze of the American people at "swollen fortunes" is not the gaze of envy, but of determination that alleged property rights shall not be invoked to enable those rich by violating real property rights to destroy the Republic. There can be no right, natural or artificial, that would compel us to harbor in our national system those great tapeworm fortunes. A tapeworm cannot get a "vested right."

What is our problem of concentrated wealth? Mr. Roosevelt has compacted the whole of it into the two sentences we have quoted:

First—Enormous, swollen fortunes.

Second—The use of those fortunes to narrow independent opportunity, to monopolize industry, to raise prices and lower incomes, to manufacture a few thousand millionaires out of millions of men and a few billionaires out of the millionaires.

Third—The use of those fortunes to control political machinery and, so, both the making and the administration of the law.

Fourth—The creating of conditions of dishonesty in business which make it increasingly difficult for an honest man to compete without resort to the same doubtful methods as are used by his powerful competitors.

Fifth—The passing on of the swollen fortunes by will in block, to be an increasing menace both to public and to private life—to operate passively in increasing the number of dependent wage-earners and decreasing the number of independent families; to be used actively by unscrupulous operators in making all the channels of prosperity empty into the swollen treasuries of the already vastly rich.

And Mr. Roosevelt proposes that, while nothing shall be done to discourage the honest accumulation of wealth, or the full play of legitimate private enterprise, swollen accumulation and cutthroat private enterprise shall not be permitted to debauch and debase us industrially and politically and socially. It is difficult to say which are the more irritated by his proposals—the hidebound plutocrats or the hidebound socialists. The plutocrats shriek that he is attacking property rights; the extreme socialists wail that he is bolstering up property rights just when the plutocrats in their gluttony were destroying them. Those not committed to either party take the calmer view—that he has shrewdly put himself in the van for the obvious next move in our advance from the present social system to one less imperfect, less clumsy, more just. And of the many clumsy features of that system, the scheme of vast inheritance is about the clumsiest. What could be more incongruous in a democracy, based upon the idea of the highest and freest development of each individual, upon the nobility and the necessity of work, upon the intrinsic merit of each individual without reference to family or social "pull"—what could be more incongruous than permitting a few parents to upset the whole democratic system by founding lines of millionaires by birth?

It is most significant of the rapidly awakening and swiftly spreading intelligence of our day that Mr. Roosevelt, expert in practical politics that he is, should have found the time ripe. So new is our problem of concentrated wealth, in the perilously immortal corporate form, that so few years ago as when he went to study at Harvard it was a cloud on the far horizon, no bigger than a man's hand, and seen only by the extremely

farsighted. Fifteen years ago an income tax seemed to many about all that was necessary to wipe out the unnatural iniquities. Only since 1896, when the plutocracy's great manufactories of stocks, bonds, combines and holding companies opened out to "take care of" the revived prosperity, has the menace of swollen fortunes attracted the attention of Americans not blinded by prejudices.

### Conditions Before the War

BEFORE the Civil War the South was much the richest section of this country. The average wealth of the Southern white was more than double that of the Northern white. The South's wealth was not scattered as was the wealth of the North in those days, but was concentrated just as is the wealth of the whole country to-day, just as the wealth of any country is certain to be, unless the laws see to it that wealth shall be the reward of honest work only. Two-thirds of the white families of the South had no slaves; two-thirds of the slaveholders had but one-fifth of the slaves; one-third of the slaveholders held four-fifths of the slaves. We know now that, had there been no Civil War, long ere this the rapidly impoverishing white masses of the South would have been arrayed against the small and arrogant slaveocracy. Appeal to sectional spirit alone enabled the slaveocracy to make a war to perpetuate itself. It will be interesting to see upon what sort of demagogic appeal the plutocracy's able lawyer-orators and politicians will finally elect to base its coming struggle to perpetuate itself. Happily, that appeal cannot be sectional; for the deepest poverty is next neighbor to the greatest wealth, and farmer and small merchant of richest New York State suffer as keenly from the congestion of wealth as do farmer and small merchant of Kansas, Texas or California.

In the North, before the War, two-thirds of the national wealth was on the farms, and about two-thirds of the property was in holdings of less than $5000. In some of the Eastern cities there were a few rich families; America inherited her property laws from a Europe that knew nothing of equal justice, and under those laws wealth was concentrating, though the process was slow. But those rich families of our earlier and more equal days would be regarded as most modestly rich nowadays, though then they were spoken of as Crœsuses. Throughout the country, even in the South—the romancers to the contrary notwithstanding—the mode of life was simple, provincial. Europe had not yet sent us, along with many stimulating ideas of an older civilization, the stupid and vulgar passion for barbaric show and weak-minded splurge which has everywhere and in all time characterized the superficially refined and educated but essentially coarse and miseducated aristocracies of the human race. Indeed, only within fifteen years has the craze for palaces and liveried retinues and class distinctions shown itself boldly; as yet it is almost wholly confined to New York and a few near-by cities.

### The Origin of American Plutocracy

WHILE the flaunting of the plutocracy socially, industrially and politically is thus recent, the plutocracy's origin goes back to the Civil War. That War overthrew the slaveocracy; it set up the plutocracy. The expenses of the War—the big bond issues, the fluctuating paper currency, the vast Government contracts, the creation of a vast floating and impoverished population through the unsettling of the ordinary routine of life and through the dispersal of the great armies at the end of the War—these and kindred occurrences gave men of unscrupulous audacity their opportunity. There accumulated in the hands of several groups of aggressive capitalists the masses of capital and the credit abroad necessary to begin the conquest of the industries of the country. These industrial leaders did undoubtedly greatly aid in the development of the country. But they combined two distinct functions—helpful developers and harmful appropriators of what they aided in developing. It was like the able bank president who is also robbing the bank. The confusion about the real status of these financial and industrial leaders has arisen because some people think only of their work as developers while others think only of their misdeeds. In fact, they did more than balance the good they did, and the American people owe them nothing—just as the French people owed Napoleon nothing for having beat off the invader, because he seized the country he had saved and reduced its people to imperial slavery.

Naturally, the struggle for the control of America's vast resources and the industries built upon them has centred about the means of communication. Railway and telegraph and telephone are to the modern world what the caravan road was to the ancient world. Who could establish a toll-gate on the caravan road became rich; who have established toll-gates—the toll-gates of minority control, holding company, stock and bond watering, and the like—upon the modern highways have become, not merely rich, but literally swollen with wealth. To look into the history of the swollen fortunes of the country, even those whose innocent origin is the boast of their inheriting possessors, is to learn that Solomon knew what he was talking about when he said, "He that hasteth to be rich shall not be innocent." "Swollen" is not too harsh an adjective to characterize these vast private accumulations. And we find that full as often as the accumulators of these masses of wealth did anything toward developing the country, they exerted themselves to retard development until they could get the lion's share of the proceeds; and, where they did aid, they exacted for their services pay that would make the extortionate usurer sick with envy—pay for themselves, and the grant of rights to tax vast populations in perpetuity. Stolen or corruptly bought franchises, grabbed public lands, squeezed and strangled small capitalists and merchants, secret rebates, inside rings, subsidiary or "milking" corporations to filch from the main and widely owned corporations, "reorganized" railroads, manipulated stock and bond markets—could impudence farther go than to characterize Mr. Roosevelt's restrained proposals as to these "swollen" fortunes as an "attack upon property rights"?

### Where the Money Was and Is

FOR many years now Government statistics have been used to prove that this disease, developing, becoming malignant, does not exist. And so eager are Americans to hope for the best, to look only on the bright side of things, that the jugglers have had great success. The Joe Cannons and the Chauncey Depews have been cheered loudly as they rolled off the stupendous figures of national totals of production and wealth, and the wage tables and savings-bank exhibits. But the developments of the past few years have forced the people to *feel* the truth which the political propagandists of demagogic optimism have tried to prevent them from seeing. The notion that while a few have been getting very rich, everybody willing to work has been getting rich, or at least well off, will not stand examination. The problem to which Mr. Roosevelt calls attention is no mere exhalation from his or any one's superheated brain.

In 1850 we had a population nearly ninety per cent. of which was rural and only ten per cent. urban. As two-thirds of the national wealth was in farms and farm property, this meant a fairly equable distribution of the wealth between city and country. Of course, there were great inequalities in the country, as in the city; but, except in the slave States, the inequalities were nowhere glaring, and to be propertyless meant, as a rule, laziness or incompetence. To-day, as between city and country, while more than two-thirds (sixty-nine per cent.) of the population is still rural, farms and farm property—the only possessions owned to any extent by our rural population—constitute much less than one-fourth of the national wealth—that is, three-fourths of the national wealth is owned in the cities, where is only one-fourth of the population. The per-capita figures are: country wealth, less than $1000 per capita; city wealth, nearly $1400 per capita. But per-capita figures are misleading in one vitally important respect: it must be noted that there are great inequalities in the holding of rural wealth. Of nearly twelve million persons engaged in agriculture, less than half own anything that could be called property. But to a great extent the Southern negroes, farm laborers almost all, are responsible for this unhappy showing. East and West and border States, our rural white population as a whole is about on a level of modestly moderate prosperity, the farm owner living a little better than his hands, but having anxieties that keep him from uppishness. Our average white farmer is not well off, is almost what would be, and in America the rich should be, called poor; but he is well above the bread-line. The comparative figures for the last four censuses show that he is nearer that line than he was thirty years ago. Still his lot is slightly above the average American lot nowadays. That is why he is so slowly learning how much worse off he is than he would be if there weren't so many toll-gates both on his way to and on his way from his market. The people are so patient, and so hopeful.

Clearly, however, the figures show that, as between city and country, there is indisputably a congestion of wealth toward the cities. How do matters stand within the cities? A glance of the eye as one goes about any city in any part of the country is enough to disclose appalling inequalities. A large, densely-populated quarter of poor people; a small quarter where live the well-to-do; a tiny but splendid quarter where live the rich. And in the great cities there is now still another and even smaller and grandiose quarter where live the enormously rich. The statistics confirm the impression from the surface of things. The death returns show that about two-thirds of the inhabitants of our cities die propertyless. The great mass of our city dwellers make a bare living, die with only a few personal belongings. We found that the bulk of the nation's wealth was in the cities and towns. Going to them, we find that it is still further congested, that it is concentrated toward a small class. Now here are the interesting and instructive statistical facts of the situation, city and country together:

Our national wealth is $106,000,000,000.

There are 18,000,000 families, an average of just under six thousand dollars per family.

But less than 200,000 families own nearly fifty billions of the one hundred and six billions; less than 2,000,000 families own thirty billions more; of the remaining sixteen million families, one-half are worth on the average between two and three thousand dollars, and the other half have less than five hundred dollars.

And it is upon the sixteen million families that the enormous burden of our taxes, both the lawful and the unlawful, falls almost entirely. They are the families that live on wages and salaries, and the profits from little farms and businesses, that feel most keenly the rises in prices, that suffer acutely, though unconscious of the cause, from the extortions of the Wall Street manufacturers of dead weights of "securities" which cause prices to soar, wages to rise only haltingly, and keep incomes close to the actual cost of living.

Again, of the total national income, *one-half* goes to *one-tenth* of the people; the other half is divided among the remaining nine-tenths. Of the total national wealth more than seven-eighths is owned by less than one per cent. of the population, *leaving but one-eighth of the wealth for the remaining ninety-nine per cent.*

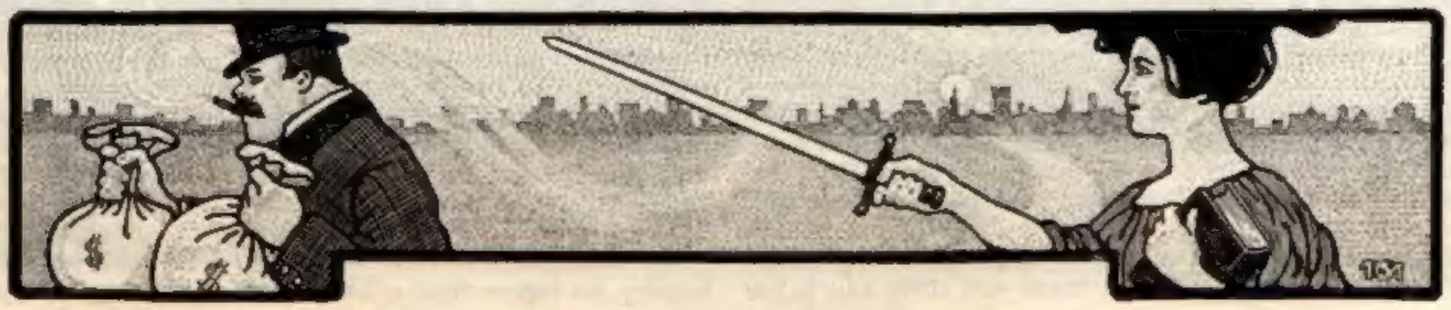
### Monopoly and Unequal Taxation the Causes

HERE are conditions that are literally absurd. To say that this result from the toil and skill of the American people, developing their vast resources since the Civil War, is natural and just is to fly in the face of commonsense. The American people are most industrious and are, as a whole, superior in skill to any other nation. Clearly their industry and skill must have been somehow misdirected. And this self-evident proposition is further proved by the fact that an enormous part of this congested wealth is in the hands of families who are not industrious, and not skillful—except at squash and riding to hounds, "bridge" and driving four-in-hands, and making titled foreigners feel at home in democratic America. Seven-eighths of the wealth for one per cent. of the population; ninety-nine per cent. of the population with only one-eighth of the wealth. Seventy-five millions of our eighty-five million people with less than four hundred dollars' worth of property of any kind, on the average. It is unthinkable that progress should continue if these conditions continue. The next census will undoubtedly show that wealth has still further and enormously congested. Already barely half of our children of school and high-school age attend school. Already we have at least two million child laborers in mines and factories.

Immigration plays but a small part in causing this. So vast are our natural resources that, had we ten times our present population, there would be, under any sane system of production and dis ribution, enough and to spare for all. The determining causes are monopoly and unequal taxation. Mr. Roosevelt's program includes attacks upon both—the enforcement of the laws against the price-lifters and wage-depressers; the passing of laws to restrain the controllers of the congested wealth from using it still further to congest wealth and diffuse poverty. The enforcement of existing laws will no longer suffice. The plutocracy has got too great a start; it has not only capitalized for its private benefit our present prosperity; it has anticipated the future. If to-day all chicanery in making money were abruptly and finally stopped, still the congestion would remain, would continue rapidly to aggravate. Plutocracy is not an approaching menace, as it was fifteen or twenty years ago; it is an existing condition. The resources of the country have been mortgaged in perpetuity, and the mortgage is held by a small class.

Take our railway systems for example. The

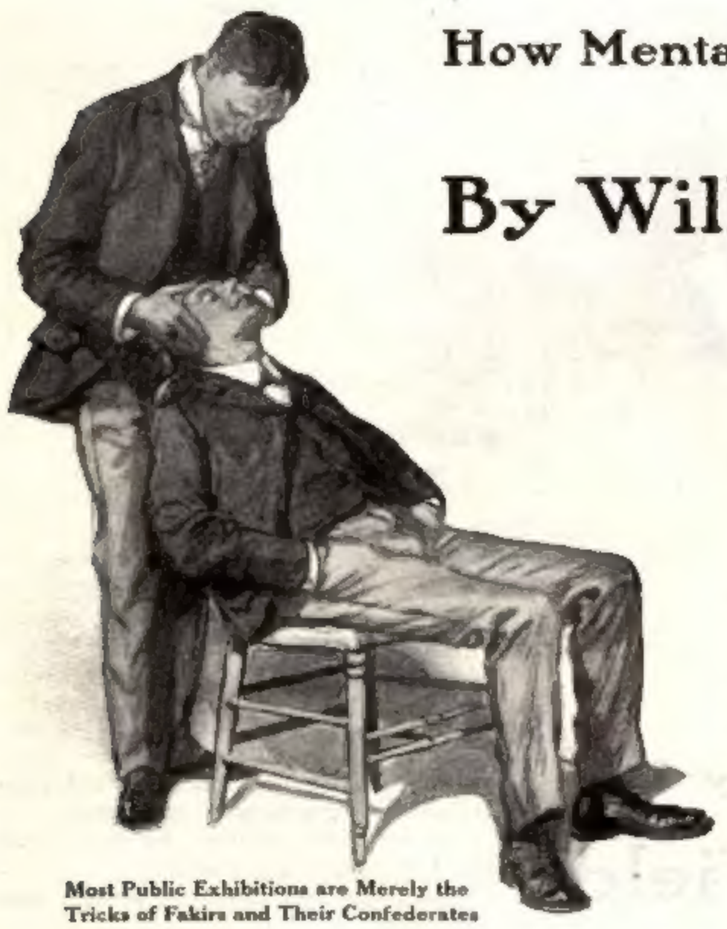
(Concluded on Page 24)



# The Secrets of the Mind Reader

## How Mental Concentration and the Muscles are Made to Play the Spy

## By William Lee Howard, M. D.



Most Public Exhibitions are Merely the Tricks of Fakirs and Their Confederates

THERE are many ways of doing what is popularly called "mind reading," but most public exhibitions are merely the tricks and connivances of fakirs and their confederates.

The most successful feats from a theatric viewpoint are accomplished by means of direct communication with the well-advertised woman of "occult" powers and Oriental secrets picked up in Bowery museums. This communication with the "mind reader" is through secret telephones and telegraphs; the palming of written questions which have been duplicated on the chemically prepared pads given to the questioners in the audience, and by other mechanical means with which the public is more or less familiar.

However, there are conditions of the mind well known to physicians and psychologists where apparently the sensitive subject can and does read the thoughts of others. These conditions of the mind have nothing supernatural or strictly abnormal about them. The elements for these conditions exist in all normal minds; but, like some of the marked characteristics noted in the mental concentration of artists, musicians and other individuals of decided genius, in sensitive, hysterical or hypnotized persons, certain powers of wonderful sight and hearing can be brought to act acutely while all the other senses, for the time being, are dormant.

In this state of abstraction the power of concentration on one single idea brings the particular sense evoked to a powerful focus. It is as though the sense of sight had a mental telescope hidden away among the brain cells and could, under these conditions, bring it into use; or as though the hearing centre had a private telephone also secretly kept out of the way and brought only into activity when all the common hearing cells were sent to sleep. These states of wonderful sight and hearing do exist and are seen daily by the neurologist and psychologist. In many cases they would appear to the untrained observer to be supernatural, or at least supernormal.

I have said that, under certain circumstances, such individuals *apparently* read the thought of others, because in reality it is only a highly-sensitized mentalization that hears, sees and feels through natural channels which are free from any interrupting thoughts or ideas.

There is nothing supernatural or occult in these latter performances; there is no trickery, no collusion, but only a heightened state of mental concentration on the part of the subject together with the trained and sensitive alertness of the operator.

One of the simplest yet sometimes most astonishing examples of this sensitiveness is muscle reading. This muscle reading accounts for the ability of certain persons to find hidden articles by merely taking hold of the individual who secreted the article to be found.

One of the primary methods of demonstrating muscle reading is by writing down numbers retained in the mind of any normal person.

If one carefully observes the few different strokes necessary to commence any of the numerals, 0 to 9, he will see that in reality there are only three: the perpendicular, the horizontal and the curve: |, —, (). Now, if you are a trained psychologist, if you have a sensitive and cultivated touch, a touch that will tell you whether a pulse is beating sixty-eight or seventy-three beats a minute, you will be able by a little practice to tell what these perpendicular, horizontal and curve strokes mean to the mind of your subject.

The subject has been told to look at the first four numbers of his watch, to write the numbers down on a piece of paper and put it in his pocket. You then tell him in an authoritative manner that your ability to read his mind depends upon his mental concentration; that he must seriously and constantly keep his mind on the numbers. You take him to a blackboard, meanwhile admonishing him to repeat to himself the numbers and to visualize them; to remember how they look when written. Making him hold the crayon in his natural manner, you lightly grasp the back of his hand and move it around slowly so as to get it pliable and supple, at the same time drawing closer to the board.

You make at hazard, without touching the board, an imaginary horizontal line and feel either his unconscious resistance or acceptance. In this case, for example, you feel the resistance. Your sensitive touch notices the resistance to this attempt at a horizontal movement, so you hazard a perpendicular mark, this time on the board. The delicate muscles acting from a brain impulse tell you at once that the perpendicular part of the figure is correct. Almost as quick as the proverbial lightning you feel the muscles' impulse to go on, and as there are only two figures to be made from a continuation of the perpendicular stroke, you make a tentative horizontal stroke, and of course, when you find the muscles' ready acceptance of the movement, you finish the number with rapidity and certainty.

Your number is 4, derived from the following strokes: first |, second —. Of course, the last and finishing stroke is made without muscle aid.

You now have the first figure of your subject's combination, and he commences to be under your control through astonishment and interest.

Should you feel, after you have made with surety the perpendicular mark, that the muscles wish to proceed with some movement, yet will not accept the horizontal motion, what do you do? Make with absolute certainty the curve stroke to the perpendicular line and you have the figure 5. But in our subject we found the first figure to be 4, so we will continue to "read" the others.

In attempting the next number, we hazard rapidly the horizontal stroke and find muscular inclination with us, so unconsciously to the subject's perception we are further directed toward a perpendicular movement and the figure 7 is the result. Quickly playing the hand for a second or two, we again feel the perpendicular tendency and mark down |. Here the muscles wish to stop, so we stop, for the number is without doubt 1. Hurriedly, without waiting for the astonished subject to get his mind away from the numerical ideation, we think it time for a curve and find the hand guides to make (, which we turn at once into a 9. We might have felt a further inclination to curve, and would have known by proceeding whether the figure was a 6 or an 0 simply by the muscular inducement. Now, much to the astonishment of subject and audience, we write down in a positive manner the complete number, 4719.

The reason I limited the number to be remembered to four figures is merely because the average person will not retain with surety and distinctness more than four figures in his or her mental image. I have experimented with hundreds in this particular matter and thus have a basis for my statement.

You also have to be on your guard as to the vocation of your subject, for those individuals accustomed to the manipulation of figures are apt to be careless of their strokes, and, strange to say, retain but hazy mental images of them. Their work has produced a sort of mechanical movement of both brain function and its resultant muscular movements; something analagous to the conditions found in the typewriter and linotype operator, whose letters come and go without leaving any mental image as they mechanically touch them.

The explanation of so-called mind reading in which subject and operator are not in contact, but stand wide apart, is not difficult for the psychologist to understand, and I will try to make it clear to the lay reader. I am now referring to legitimate experiments, correct physiological and psychological phenomena in which we do observe absolute and indisputable "mind reading" by "thought readers," such as have been done by Pickman and Cumberland in public and by many others in private clinics.

Such phenomena are rationally to be explained by the heightened sense of sight and hearing. As I have explained above, by both temperament and training the operator—the one who "reads the thoughts" of others—becomes able to concentrate his whole attention, his entire mind, upon one particular avenue of sense. As in certain hypnotic and cataleptoid states, all distractions are eliminated by suppression, and only one or two avenues of sense are left open. In other words, these so-called mind readers merely acquire the habit of voluntarily and automatically ignoring all sights and sounds except those they are specially desirous of catching. It is remarkable to what an extent this condition can be produced voluntarily, although I have never seen it self-produced to the height it is seen in some hysterical and hypnotized subjects.

I had a young man, Bruno, whom I brought from Germany, and have shown at my private clinics, who, when hypnotized, and by suggestion, had all senses except that of hearing temporarily abolished, could hear a whispered conversation in a room on the floor above him with all the windows and doors tightly closed, floors heavily carpeted and the streets noisy with traffic. He would repeat a conversation, whispered so that no one in the room but the two physicians who carried on the almost silent talk could hear it, in a closet three rooms removed from the experimenters and all doors or other possible avenues of auditory leakage tightly closed and watched.

These cases are not so infrequent as the general public think, although those who can, by their own will, place themselves in this state are seldom found, and when discovered are certain to show some of the well-known signs of hysteria.

Once a person is artificially or otherwise put into this state of having all the senses closed except the one it is desired to use, the least movement, or the faintest whisper, becomes distinct and clear to him when seen and heard across a hall full of people, though to the latter, even to those in the immediate vicinity, it is not discernible or detectable.

It will be readily seen that such a faculty, when aided by a little dexterity on the part of assistants, will enable an operator to perform feats of distant "mind reading" that are in appearance all but miracles. So much psychologic truth underlies this kind of exhibitions, so much fraud and unnecessary collusion accompany them, that it has heretofore been impossible for the careful student to draw the line between fact and fraud.

Hence it has come about that in the last few years psychologists have investigated the subject in hospitals and psychopathic institutions and arrived at the facts I have stated.

## Making Light of Jefferson

NEXT to Charles E. Hughes, Governor-elect, the main reliance of the Republicans for spellbinding in the recent campaign in New York State was Job E. Hedges, the witty New York lawyer, who has a great reputation not only as a political orator, but as an after-dinner speaker as well.

Hedges had a speech in which he referred to William R. Hearst, the Democratic candidate for Governor, as dressed in the coat of Thomas Jefferson. He was speaking in one of the interior towns in the State when a man came down the aisle of the opera house where the meeting was being held, ran to the edge of the platform and thundered: "Stop!"

Hedges stopped. The man stood there for a minute and Hedges began again.

"Stop!" shouted the intruder. "Stop! I insist!"

By this time some of the townspeople had reached the shouter and led him out to the lobby.

"What in thunder did you want to do that for, Charley?" they asked him. "Why did you try to break up the meeting?"

"I'll tell you why," he said—"I'll tell you why, and tell you in a hurry. I ain't going to allow any smart-Aleck of a New York lawyer to come up here and make light of Tommie Jefferson."

# The Gallant Mr. Gildersleeve

The First Half of the Run was Made in Silence

## A Runaway Motor and a Flyaway Girl

## By Edward Salisbury Field

MR. GORDON GILDERSLEEVE walked leisurely down the main street of the little town of Tuckham. He paused to admire the unusually elaborate barber-pole of the Tuckham Tonsorial Parlors; he peered into the rather dusty windows of the Tuckham Emporium; he sniffed approvingly as he passed the Metropolitan Bakery, then stopped abruptly in front of Smith's Candy Store where some old-fashioned peppermint-sticks caught his eye.

It had been years since Mr. Gordon Gildersleeve had tasted a peppermint-stick. Entering the store, he purchased a round dozen, then proceeded on his way rejoicing, for the sticks were admirable—their dizzy-red stripes reminded him of the barber-pole in front of the Tuckham Tonsorial Parlors, and the taste of peppermint recalled the squandering of hoarded pennies and other intimate and childish pursuits. When one is twenty-eight (Mr. Gordon Gildersleeve was twenty-eight), one almost never indulges in reminiscence, and thus to its other charms is added the charm of novelty. Novelty appealed to Mr. Gordon Gildersleeve; the peppermint was exactly what he wanted, and it was in a most enviable frame of mind that he continued on his way, past the diminutive town hall, past the office of the Tuckham Daily Tocsin, over the bridge that spanned the pretty stream known as Wolf's Run, and on to the hard, smooth county road.

Gordon Gildersleeve was big, and strong, and wholesome looking, with nice eyes, his mother's nose (the Babbit nose was famous in Connecticut) and a good, square chin. (So much depends upon one's chin!) And his clothes, though well cut, resembled his walk—they were leisurely, easy-going clothes—his shirt was of soft pongee, and upon his head of close-cropped, brown curls (the real Babbit brown) there rested a most disreputable-looking gray slouch hat. His apparel, then, might have proclaimed him anything. But his nice eyes, his Babbit nose, and his determined chin, like the hallmarks on old silver, betrayed his origin.

The gentlemanly Mr. Gildersleeve was in most excellent spirits. He might have whistled if his mouth had not been too full of peppermint candy to permit it. Perhaps it is just as well that he couldn't whistle, for first impressions, I am told, are everything, and the girl in the automobile might have thought —— But I am getting ahead of my story.

Gildersleeve had noticed an automobile, drawn up at the side of the road near a row of maple trees, but it was not till he was very close to it that he observed the girl; for she was in the tonneau, and the dust-guard made her quite invisible from the rear. Then it was that a whistle might have spoiled everything, for it would have been a whistle of surprise—surprise that any one so lovely should be there, alone, at four o'clock in the afternoon, a quarter of a mile from Tuckham, which, in Gildersleeve's reckoning, was miles and miles from anywhere. It was such a stunning big automobile and of such a screaming color—a bright vermilion. A real Bashard-Brayton, too! And the girl was evidently marooned there—couldn't make the thing go.

Thus it was, when Gildersleeve might have whistled, he swallowed hastily, almost choking over the last crumb of his peppermint-stick.

Strangely enough, the girl had not noticed him, and was as much surprised to see him standing by the automobile with his hat in his hand as he had been to behold her a moment previous.

And the Girl was Evidently Marooned There

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but can I be of any assistance?"

She eyed him uneasily, almost suspiciously.

"No, I thank you," she answered politely.

"You seem to be in trouble."

"I'm not," she assured him.

"But you're here all alone!"

"I was here all alone," she responded, in a tone that implied a decided preference for her former state.

Gildersleeve smiled feebly. "I only thought I might be of some service," he apologized. "I'm sure I beg your pardon for intruding."

The girl looked at him less resentfully. "Perhaps you know something about automobiles?" she ventured.

"That's it," he said. "If I hadn't I shouldn't have thought of addressing you. Is there anything wrong with your engine?"

"I'm sure I don't know," she replied.

"Maybe you've got water in your carbureter."

"In my what?"

"Your carbureter—it's part of the car, you know."

"Oh!" she said.

"Did you think it was something else?"

"It sounded like physiology," she began, then checked herself. "I'm very much obliged, but I do not need your assistance," she said.

"I'm not so sure of that," he replied. "I can't leave you here, alone."

"So it seems," she responded coldly.

Gildersleeve flushed.

"You are needlessly rude," he said.

"Your persistence annoys me," she returned.

"I am only extending the courtesy of the road," he declared. "I find you here alone, with a dead engine, and—— Perhaps you've a puncture?" He examined the four tires. "No, they're all right," he reported cheerfully. "Would you mind if I looked under your bonnet?"

"Sir!"

"Some people call it a hood; it covers the engine, you know."

She was so relieved that she smiled.

"Please don't bother," she said.

"What can I do for you, then?"

"Nothing, thank you."

"And you're going to sit here all night?"

"Oh, no!"

"Then you intend to go on?"

"Certainly."

"But how can you go on when your engine is broken down?"

"How do you know it's broken down?"

"Isn't it?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"Perhaps you have a chauffeur?"

"Perhaps," she agreed.

"Maybe he has gone back to Tuckham for an extra part; I noticed a small automobile sundries shop as I passed through there."

Again she looked relieved, but said nothing.

"I'm sorry you have had to wait. It's rather a dispiriting business, waiting."

"I haven't minded it—till now," she replied.

Gildersleeve felt thoroughly snubbed. Doubtless she had intended he should. She was so pretty, too, and he wasn't used to being snubbed by pretty women, or pretty girls, either, for that matter. But still he persisted.

"I have driven a Bashard-Brayton, and know quite a bit about them," he said.

"Yes?" she replied.

"And, if you don't object, I'd like to look her over, and see what's wrong."

The young lady seemed to object very much, and was on the point of telling him so. But first she turned and scanned the road toward Tuckham. Something she saw there, or something she didn't see, perhaps, made her change her mind.

"If it will give you any pleasure, do so by all means," she said.

Her attitude was entirely that of doing him a favor. Gildersleeve liked that even less than he had liked the snub; it put him in such a false position, and then there was that other inheritance of his—the Babbit pride. But for once the Babbit pride was refused the right-of-way. "I should love to take a look at the engine," he said meekly. "Won't you have a stick of candy?"

She glanced at the paper bag extended toward her, and at the good-natured smile that accompanied the offer.

"I don't believe I care for any," she said.

"You'd better not refuse—it's great. Regular old-fashioned peppermint-stick!"

"I believe I will take one," she said, almost graciously.

"Having partaken of my salt—or of my peppermint, rather—she'll hardly venture to snub me again," Gildersleeve thought. Then he unfastened the hood and took a look at the engine. "Hm!" he said.

Now "Hm!" is a monosyllable at once expressive and mysterious, at all times irritatingly vague, and, in this case, most objectionably so. If there was something wrong with the engine, the girl wanted to know it; if there was nothing wrong, she wanted to know it.

"Well?" she said.

"Hm!" responded Mr. Gildersleeve noncommittally.

"Well?" she repeated.

Mr. Gildersleeve put his hand into his coat-pocket.

"Have a piece of candy?" he asked.

"No, I thank you," she answered coldly.

"Hm!" said Mr. Gildersleeve.

"He treats me as if I were a four-year-old child," she thought indignantly. "Every time I open my mouth he offers me candy!"

Mr. Gildersleeve continued to gaze earnestly at the engine.

By-and-by the girl grew restive.

"Is there anything wrong?" she asked.

"Only a spark-plug, I believe."

"Broken?" she hazarded.

"Yes," he replied, "cracked."

"Oh!" she said.

Mr. Gildersleeve said nothing.

The girl said nothing.

A breeze stirred the maple trees, and a few leaves fluttered to the ground.

"If he doesn't say something soon I'll scream," she thought.

"I'll not fix the spark-plug till she asks me to," he vowed. And so they remained silent, each waiting for the other to speak.

When novelists write knowingly of the eternal duel between the sexes, it is most interesting to read—or it isn't. But such duels begin with epigrams and end with kisses, so this couldn't have been a sex-duel at all. Indeed, it was for all the world like a tilt between two stubborn children, except that, when children tilt, they are seldom silent. Gildersleeve and the girl were so silent that it hurt them. Yet the only indication of sex in the whole affair was that the silence seemed to hurt the girl the more; it must have been so, for she was the first to break it.

"Are you going to fix the spark-plug?" she asked finally.

"Do you want me to?" demanded the wily Mr. Gildersleeve.

"Would you like to fix it?" she hedged.

"Would you like to have me?"

She was fairly cornered and she knew it; it was either no or yes this time. But she accepted her defeat so gracefully that it was almost a victory.

"I should be awfully obliged if you'd fix it," she said.

Gildersleeve smiled radiantly.

"It is a pleasure to serve you," he declared. "I'll unstrap this tool-box and see if I can find a wrench. There ought to be an extra spark-plug somewhere," he added. Then he put his hand into his coat-pocket.

"He's going to offer me some more candy," she thought dispiritedly.

But he did nothing of the sort. Instead, he fumbled in the tool-box, and very soon announced that the extra spark-plug was available and that it wouldn't take two minutes to install it in place of the cracked one.

By this time the girl was deeply interested. She stood up in the tonneau in order to get a better view of the operation.

"Is it all right?" she asked, as Gildersleeve lifted the hood into place.

"Couldn't be righter," he assured her. "Now for a look at the batteries. Have you been running on your dry or your storage?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"Hear that buzz?"

"Yes."

"That shows your batteries are alive. I'm going to crank her now; I'll bet you anything she goes."

'Perhaps You Know Something About Automobiles?" She Ventured

And go she did. Gildersleeve hastily throttled down the engine and advanced the spark, then laughed triumphantly.

"What did I tell you?" he said.

The girl seemed to be impressed, but not favorably. "What are you going to do now?" she asked anxiously.

"Why, I don't know—I hadn't got so far as that. It seems to me, though, that I might take you home. If that rascally chauffeur of yours had to walk, it would serve him right for being so slow."

The girl seemed doubtful. "It would be fun," she confessed, "but——"

"Oh, I don't mind! Which way do you live?"

"About a half a mile up the road."

"Then it won't take five minutes."

"But I want to go slow, and enjoy it."

"So do I," he agreed, turning to look at her with admiration.

"You quite misunderstood me," she replied haughtily. "Please go as fast as you can."

"The high speed seems to be out of commission," he explained, as they crawled along on the low gear, "but I think it will slide in if you'll let me go past your house and then turn back. The engine is cold, you know."

"I am in your hands," she said, with a half-delighted, half-defiant look in her eyes.

As regards the high gear, Gildersleeve proved to be right. They flew down the road in a very ecstasy of speed.

"That's where I live," she announced.

Gildersleeve caught a glimpse of white through swaying trees, but he didn't stop until they had gone a mile or two past it.

"That was glorious!" she said as they turned.

"It's a grand, good car," he admitted.

"Yes, isn't it? And you run it beautifully."

"You are very kind."

"And I'm really much obliged—you'll never know how much obliged."

"Pray don't mention it," he said. "Here we are, safe and sound. Just a moment, and I'll help you out."

The girl descended from the car, and, bowing graciously, turned into the geranium-bordered walk that led to the white house. Whereupon Gildersleeve raised his hat, and, after a reassuring look at the car, walked slowly in the direction from which they had just come. He had only gone a few steps, however, when he heard some one calling, and, glancing over his shoulder, he beheld the goddess of the car hurrying toward him. Once more he raised his hat. "Is there anything wrong?" he asked.

"No," she said, "only you're leaving the automobile."

"Yes, I'm leaving it," he admitted, "but it's all right—I've killed the engine, and the brake is on."

"Aren't you going to take it back?"

"Back?"

"Yes, back where you found it."

"Why should I take it back?"

"There is no particular reason, only I wish you would."

"It will serve that chauffeur of yours right if he has to walk home."

"I wasn't thinking of my chauffeur. You will take it back, won't you?"

Gildersleeve remembered the snubs he had received.

"Really, you are asking too much," he said. "I'm sorry, but I must be going. Good-afternoon."

"Please don't go!" she pleaded.

"But, my dear young lady——"

"The car mustn't be left here," she insisted.

"I'll run it up the driveway if you like."

"That would be worse still. You see——"

"No, I don't see," he declared.

"My father is the cashier of a bank, and it might hurt him."

"I won't run into him."

"I don't mean that," she protested.

"Would you mind telling me what you do mean?" he asked politely.

"Yes, I'd mind awfully."

Then I wouldn't have you tell me for the world," he murmured gallantly.

She brightened perceptibly. "And you *will* take it back?"

"I'm sorry, but I can't," he replied, consulting his watch.

"Then I'll have to tell you," she said. "That automobile isn't mine. Now do you understand?"

"I'm blest if I do," he said.

"You are very stupid not to."

"Oh, I understand that it's not yours, but surely your friends won't care."

"What friends?" she asked.

"Why, the friends who own the automobile."

"But it doesn't belong to my friends. The fact is, I don't know to whom it belongs." This last statement ended in something very like a sob.

Gildersleeve said nothing.

"I don't know what you'll think of me," she continued. "Of course you understand that I had no intention of running away with the car. I only climbed into the tonneau to see how it felt to sit there. My father is so prejudiced against automobiles that he won't even let me look at one, so I've never had a chance before to find out what it would be like. And then you came along and fairly insisted on taking me for a ride, and I was so crazy to go that—— You see how it was, don't you?"

"Yes, I see," he said.

"And you don't think it was very wrong?"

(Concluded on Page 29)

# THE WIDOW VOGEL

## And How She Helped Gus Kleinfeldt Who was Always so Smart

## By William Hamilton Osborne

"By What Law and Orders? Hein?"

THE widow Vogel stood just inside the threshold and brandished a time-worn but still effective rolling-pin.

"I should like to see this here first man walk into these here rooms of mine," exclaimed the widow Vogel. "Let him come in. I show him. You see these here elbow sleeves of mine. Stylish, ain't it? Hein?" She slapped her bared right forearm with her left hand. "There should be some muscles there, eh? Such good, strong muscles. Hein? Sure, I should so like to see that there first man come in. Oh, such a muscles as I have."

The first man didn't come in. Nor did the second. Nor the third. They were big, husky fellows, each big enough for two or three of the widow. They eyed the rolling-pin furtively, spat reflectively and hunched their shoulders.

"What're we goin' to do?" they asked each other. "We gotta getter out."

The widow heard them. "So," she queried, "you gotta, eh? By whose authorities? By what law and orders, eh? Hein?"

One man, bolder than the rest, answered. "Aw," he protested, "you don't pay your rent. What then? It's out wit youse. That's all. What's the use of a fuss? Meyer tells us, 'Getter out.' We gotta getter out. Meyer says so. There's the hull thing in a nutshell."

The widow waved her hand. "You get me this here Meyer. You get him here. I know this here Meyer. I will show him. Such an agents for such a buildings, this Meyer! Bring him here to me."

They sent for Meyer, and Meyer came. "Now, look a-here," Meyer told her, "you ain't got no right to make no fuss. You ain't paid your rent, and we got a dispossess out against you. *You* know. *You* got the notices, you know. *You* can read. We ain't taking no snap judgment on you. You didn't pay. You've got to go. You see?"

He brushed into the room. He brushed back again. Those good muscles in the good right arm of the widow Vogel seemed to be just a bit too good.

"No Meyers comes into my good, clean rooms," said the widow Vogel. "You keep out. I stay in. What? I told you, you Meyer. You wait one month until I gets me this here pension money, and I pays. That's all, now. No Meyer nonsenses. And who are *you*, anyhow, you Meyer? By what law and orders do *you* put me out, eh?"

Meyer waved his hand. "Look a-here," he explained, "I ain't nothing but agent for this here house. Behind me already stands Kleinfeldt, the owner. He *says* 'yes,' I *do* 'yes.' He says 'no,' I *do* 'no.' It's Kleinfeldt. That's all. If it was me, now——" Meyer stopped, intending by his silence to imply that *he* would have made a most lenient landlord. He stopped for another reason: the widow interrupted him.

"Aha!" she said. "So I should think. I see that we should work around to this here Kleinfeldt. So he is the law and orders, eh! He is the dispossess. So! Gus Kleinfeldt, ain't it? So! You go to this here Gus Kleinfeldt and you bring him around. Maybe then I go. We'll see."

After fifteen minutes' further argument Meyer ran round the corner to see Kleinfeldt. "Gus," he said, "you gotta come around. We got a dispossess against that woman, and we can't budge her. You come around."

"What woman?" queried Kleinfeldt, owner of the house.

"The woman who won't pay —that widow Vogel."

Gustav Kleinfeldt scratched his head. "Vogel," he mused—"what Vogel? Is there a woman with the name of Vogel in that there house of mine?" He shuddered slightly.

"Sure," answered the agent, Meyer; "ain't you ever seen her? Lena Vogel?"

Kleinfeldt, the owner, rose to his feet and wiped his brow. "A thin party like?" he queried, "what ain't rich?"

"She ain't so thin," returned Meyer; "and she ain't rich, but she's got a pension."

Again Kleinfeldt shuddered. "Why did you ever let her in that lovely Second Avenue house of mine?" he wailed. "I know this here Lena Vogel. I knew her when she was Lena Heimboldt." He flushed. "Sure, I know her. Once that woman thought that I should marry her. Sure, she had it all arranged. She got her wedding dresses ready."

"Was you engaiched?" queried Meyer—"engaiched to be married to this here?"

"Sure," said Kleinfeldt—"Sure, I was. I turned her down. I was too smart."

"For why?"

"Um-m-m," mused Kleinfeldt, "for that I was too smart. I am always so smart. I didn't like her. I never liked her. She was too skinny like, and I like 'em pretty fat. I thought she had some money by a bank. I found out just in time. She didn't. I turned that there whole thing down. See? And this here is that Lena Heimboldt in my good Second Avenue tenement. How should I get her out?"

"You gotta," Meyer assured him cheerfully. "The new tenants and their furniture is on the sidewalk, waiting. They should get damages against you if you do not give them there rooms to them. You gotta come."

Kleinfeldt went, wiping his brow as he proceeded. "So, what is this here troubles, woman?" he queried. "You don't pay rent for these here three rooms of yours. New parties should be coming in. You have a dispossessment served on you. You must get out."

The widow Vogel dropped her arms at her side. She saw with satisfaction that the stairs and hallways were crowded with the tenantry of Kleinfeldt.

"So!" she exclaimed. "This is law-and-orders Kleinfeldt, is it? Gus Kleinfeldt, you are the fellers what run away from me when you had promised to marry me, eh? So! You are the fellers what give me brass rings for sure gold, eh? What give me glass for diamonds, eh! So!"

The tenants crowded nearer. Kleinfeldt leaned over to Meyer and whispered: "What's the statute o' limitations against these here breach-of-promise cases?"

Meyer only grinned. "Hundred year er so, I *think*," he answered. Kleinfeldt groaned. But he kept his nerve.

"I was too smart," he exclaimed to the widow, "to marry such a skinny girls. *So* skinny, you were. And you were poor, eh? Say, I like 'em fat and rich. Besides, you married some one, eh, after I didn't marry you? You got a good, *old* man."

"A good man did I get," said the widow, "and a brave man. He fought mit Sigel in this here Civil Wars. He fought mit Sigel. He was good. He was brave. He didn't run away from no old countries to escape these here soldier services." Kleinfeldt winced, for *he* had.

The widow went on. "So I am skinny?" she exclaimed. "I will show you." The war was on. But not for long. The widow was in possession. She was well armed. She guarded a narrow pass. Five men might effect an entrance, but woe betide the first two, or three, or—all.

They Eyed the Rolling-Pin Furtively

Besides, the widow had the private history of Kleinfeldt, word for word, and she started in, genially, to make it public, in detail. Finally, Kleinfeldt, in despair, pulled Meyer by the arm.

"I just got an idea," he whispered, "*such* a good idea. That Harlem flat I bought, eh? She should make a good tenant up there. *Such* a good idea."

"For why?"

"Ain't we got to fill that there Harlem flat of mine with free tenants? Eh? So we could to sell it. Eh?"

"Sure," answered Meyer. "I got it nearly filled."

"Good," returned Kleinfeldt, "we should send this here widow Vogel up to there. *Free.* Eh? How so?"

Meyer waited while the idea filtered into his brain. Then he slapped his thigh. "Sure," he answered delightedly, at last; "the very thing. Say, Kleinfeldt, you *are smart.*"

A whispered conference at the point of the rolling-pin was held with the widow Vogel.

"I will give you a paper writings—a lease," Kleinfeldt assured her, "in this here new Harlem flat of mine. *Such* a lovely flat! Four rooms you should have. And what is Second Avenue here to Harlem? And all this should be *free.* Yes, I am that good. I am smart, but I am also good. You see? I buy that there Harlem flat so cheap. Then what? I should sell it *dear.* What must I do. I must fill it with tenants, such tenants, such high-priced tenants—good-looking, high-toned, *fat* tenants, widows and such, and they go in free until I sell that flat. And I give them such good receipts for rent to show when these here purchasers come around—twenty-five, thirty-five, forty-five dollars a month. What happens, eh? These here purchasers, they like the looks of these here fat, rich tenants, and they buy the big apartment house for, oh, so much!—not this month, nor next, but soon enough. See? And it is such that my desire is you should be such a tenant like to that. You live free. You save your pension of this here brave man, Herr Vogel, Field-Marshal Vogel, and you help me sell the flat."

The widow Vogel surrendered on those terms. There was nothing else to do. She was in the last ditch and knew it. Half an hour later Kleinfeldt delivered to her a lease for four rooms in his new Harlem flat; and, half an hour after that, her goods were being loaded on a van.

"Free—all free," said Kleinfeldt. "Free movings and free rent. Such an opportunities for a fat, rich widow. Hein?"

Kleinfeldt had a slogan, a wall motto, a war cry. "*I am so smart.*" He didn't quite grasp the well-known fact that there were others. It is a matter of history, however, that, ever since the first apartment, tenement or flathouse in New York was built to *sell*, owners have sold in just *one* way. That way was the method outlined by Kleinfeldt to the widow: to stock the house with prosperous

tenants—rent free—who would vouch for the high rents for which they held receipts. The difficulty with the scheme was that so much depended on the tenants. But, to Kleinfeldt, all seemed easy. To him the scheme was new, wonderful, and, above all, it was *his*. He worked it. But he hadn't sold his Harlem flat.

But the widow Vogel understood. She was installed in her new, clean rooms in the new apartment house, and she began to look about her.

"Such tenants!" she wailed. "No wonder this here Kleinfeldt ain't made no sale. He know nothing, that man." She was interrupted by a prospective purchaser.

"What rent do *you* pay?" the purchaser demanded. The widow, cleaning windows, held up her hands.

"Rent!" she exclaimed. "Do not ask me. Such high rents! I hope I could get out of New York. But what can one do? One must live. Hein? If one lives in Harlem, one must pay. Such rents! High? Everywhere are they high. And in this house, you pay for the subway, for the looking at the birds, for the sky, for the trolley cars—everything. But, whisper. Say, I *like* it. That's me. I am a widow with a pension, and, so long as I can afford to live here, I do it. Hein?"

The prospective purchaser was pleased until he interviewed the free tenants on the other floors. "Ninnies!" thought the widow Vogel. "Such ninnies! They never could know *how*."

She sent for Kleinfeldt. Kleinfeldt came. "Let *me* fill this here house with free tenants," she announced. "I will show you. Eh?"

Kleinfeldt went back to Meyer. "It was a good move to put that there widow Vogel up there," he said to Meyer. "She *knows*."

But while Kleinfeldt had gone to Meyer, the widow Vogel had gone back to the Second Avenue flat, Kleinfeldt's downtown venture. She went merely to make calls. She called on Mrs. Mulligan, second floor rear.

"What do you pay for these here Second Avenue rooms, Mrs. Mulligan?" she queried.

Mrs. Mulligan intimated that she was touched for twelve a month, which was a deal too much. She told the truth about the twelve, for the Second Avenue flat was *not* for sale and was *not* filled with free tenants.

"Whisper," said the widow Vogel. She leaned over and beckoned mysteriously. "I can get you *such* a much better flat as this in Harlem. So much better! Clean. Everything—all comforts. Not one o' these here bugs. Free moving. What? Hein?"

"What rent?" demanded Mrs. Mulligan.

"You should pay *me*," answered the widow Vogel, with the emphasis on "me," "ten dollars a month instead of this here twelve."

Mrs. Mulligan gasped, put it up to Mulligan when he came in that night, and accepted the proposition. Mrs. Mulligan was only one of the Second Avenue tenants who accepted. The spring was in their blood. They moved with joy. Why not?

"It's all to the good," they said.

"Gee," Meyer said to Kleinfeldt, one day in May; "keeps me blamed busy filling up that Second Avenue house. As fast as I get one new one in, another moves out. Don't say nothing as to why, either."

But Meyer filled it up, for it was a good flat, and Second Avenue is limited in length and breadth. There's only one Second Avenue in the universe.

Kleinfeldt visited his Harlem apartment house. The first person he saw was Mrs. Mulligan. Mrs. Mulligan did not know Kleinfeldt, for she had dealt constantly with Meyer when she lived downtown.

"How much rent are you payin'?" asked Kleinfeldt.

"Ah," said Mrs. Mulligan, "you're the gentleman that do be talking. Rent? Say, count that." She handed out a roll of bills. "It's all put up for the lovely landlord when he comes in to collect," she said. She smiled. "High," she commented, "but we must have it."

Kleinfeldt counted it. "Thirty-five, eh?" he exclaimed. He passed the money back and went. In the hall he met the widow Vogel.

"You've got the right kind now," he told her. "I've been to see four of 'em, and they're rattlers for free tenants. They got big rent on the brain, all right, all right."

"Lena Vogel!" Gasped Kleinfeldt

"They are so good, for free tenants," admitted Mrs. Vogel. Later when she was alone she smiled to herself. "So good, for *me*," she thought, "who gets ten dollars a month from every one. He is *so* smart, this Kleinfeldt man! So smart!"

The widow Vogel's tenants sold the Harlem flat. Deep in his soul Kleinfeldt knew that they had done it; knew that the widow Vogel had picked her squad with discernment. But he gave no sign.

"What now?" the tenants complained to Mrs. Vogel. "He sells the place. Then we must get out. This here new buyer will raise these rents up to what we said they was. What then?"

"You stick by me," the widow Vogel said; "you pay me ten dollars a month apiece, and stick by me, and you keep on getting free movings and free rent. *I* show you. This here Kleinfeldt man, he will buy another Harlem flat."

He did. And while the purchaser of the old Harlem flat looked on aghast, the widow Vogel and her caravan folded their tents and silently stole away. The new flat was even better than they had expected.

"I don't like it," the widow told herself; "it's Second Avenue for mine." But she turned to her tenants. "I got to raise you to eleven dollars this here time," she said. There were grumblers, but she silenced them.

"If you do not pay me eleven dollars this here month," she told them, "you cannot be free tenants not no more. Ingratitude."

The tenants yielded. But it was the purchaser who was ingratitude personified. The purchaser stormed and swore. He berated the specious Kleinfeldt.

"For what?" Kleinfeldt would demand. "These here tenants? I do not own them. They are not my slaves. Hein? They go where they please. I kept them. Why cannot you keep them? You see them. I owned the house. All right. I sold it to you. All right. There the matter ends. So! It is not my fault."

But the purchaser still howled. And one day the widow Vogel placed her hand on Kleinfeldt's arm.

"You let *me* fix him," she exclaimed.

She fixed the purchaser. She led him into a quiet place. "Now, here, young man," she said to the swindled vendee, "don't you howl no more. You be good. I will fix it. I, the widow Vogel. See? You have been swindled, eh? You have been bitten, eh? Well, then, *you bite*."

"How?"

The widow nodded mysteriously. "I will show you," she announced. "To sell your goods, you must fix up the show-window. Hein?"

The widow Vogel fixed up the purchaser's show-window. She knew all Second Avenue: knew that, upon inducement, it would move to Harlem. Part of it moved. Inside of three days the purchaser was appeased.

"*You* got just what Kleinfeldt had," she told him. "You got good free tenants. Good ones. They are good Second Avenue bait. Now, you wait for the fish to bite, eh? You wait. I show you."

She did show him. Inside of a month the swindled purchaser had sold the flat again, at an advance. His trained free tenants had done it—free tenants who had paid the widow Vogel twelve dollars a month for their freedom, both of movement and of life. And as for *his* vendee—well, the widow Vogel had begun an endless chain as automatic in its operations as it was far-reaching. And it was far-reaching—yes, all Second Avenue was moving up to Harlem to get the freest kind of tenancy at the lowest kind of rent.

Time passed. Again Kleinfeldt sold. Again he bought. And each time he *made*. Little by little his coffers were filling. He paid off the mortgage on the old Second Avenue flat. *That* flat he intended to keep, for it was a real investment. He plunged heavily in Harlem.

Time passed. And time consists of months. And months have to do with tenants. And each tenant each month paid his ten, eleven, twelve, yes, fifteen dollars, to the widow Vogel for the glorious privilege of free moving and free tenancy. The widow Vogel said nothing.

Harlem is the stamping ground for equities. You don't buy land there. You buy merely the upper crust that covers up the big mortgage underneath. You buy a sixty-thousand-dollar flat, with three mortgages on it. You don't pay sixty thousand dollars. You pay twenty-five hundred, or thirty-five, or forty-five. *That's* the game. You sell for seventy thousand; you make 100 per cent., 200 per cent. or 1500 per cent., according to your lights. And Kleinfeldt had lights; he was smart.

"I got the *real* thing now, Meyer," he told his agent; "such a good place on One Hundred and Thirty-seventh Street! Say, it ain't so new. It's kind o' old. But, say, it's a bargain. Say, *tenants!*—not like mine; not free tenants! No. Not. Good tenants. Old tenants. Say, I would sell my shirt to get that there place. I would do more. I would mortgage that there Second Avenue flat, I would."

Meyer shook his head. "I wouldn't mortgage that there Second Avenue tenement house," he answered—"not on your life."

Kleinfeldt smiled with assurance. "Go up and see that big One Hundred and Thirty-seventh Street house for yourself. Seeings is believings, eh?"

Meyer went. He came back delighted. "Gee," he said, "that house is a peach for the price."

"Good tenants, eh?" asked Kleinfeldt.

"Donnernblitzen!" returned Meyer. "Good? I should say so. Good as any tenants on Second Avenue down here. Sell a shirt? Say, I'd sell my skin to get that place. I would."

"I'll get it, all right," said Kleinfeldt, "and I bet I turn thirty-five thousand out of it in six months, on a quick sale. You see. I never saw such good bargains, never."

The One Hundred and Thirty-seventh house was in the hands of Walsh & Wilson, real-estate agents. They named their price. Kleinfeldt threw up his hands.

"Five thousand more as you asked last week," he wailed.

They nodded. "Next week," they said, "it'll be ten thousand more."

"I haven't got so much cash as you want," wailed Kleinfeldt again.

"We want *all* cash," they told him.

(Concluded on Page 51)

"So You Married Kleinfeldt, After All?" Asked Mrs. Mulligan

"He is a Good Janitor and He Keeps This Here Furnace Pretty Good"

# WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

## Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Representative Herbert Parsons of New York

### Parsons

WHEN a serious-minded young man with money goes into politics he is likely to get a good ways, if the money holds out. Politics is no pursuit for the frivolous or the poor. And when a serious-minded young man with money goes into politics, with his money in good health and getting stronger every day, and gets the support of the President of the United States, he may be expected to land anywhere under the shining sun from the Cabinet to the Court of St. James.

Herbert Parsons is a serious-minded young man with money, and he has the support of the President so much that the President telegraphed to his father-in-law and asked: "Isn't Herbert a trump?" after the latest election in New York State. When the President asks if you are not a trump, he expects a vociferous "Yes!" for the answer; for, as the President sees it, all the trumps in his pack are aces, albeit there are those who allege there is a deuce now and then.

Young Mr. Parsons was born with a silver spoon in his mouth and a full set of table silver by his crib. When he arrived at mature years he safeguarded his own silver by marrying the daughter of Henry Clews. Thus equipped, by a careful choice of father and father-in-law, he felt free to take up politics as a student. He didn't need whatever salaries might fall his way, and he did need experience, which he got. The first thing open, after his kindergarten days, was a nomination to the Board of Aldermen in New York. Now, usually, persons who are careful of their reputations do not seek to get membership in that body. The Board of New York Aldermen is no civic-righteousness organization. It is largely composed of bull-necked citizens who have beady eyes to the main chance. Parsons was swept in by one of the New York reform waves, or, rather, by a wavelet of reformlet, for it didn't dash up on the beach hard enough to shift much sand.

He was a student then, a student who had theories and convictions. Attrition does much for many natures. Parsons rubbed against the practical persons who were his colleagues and acquired knowledge and polish. He didn't let go of any of his ideals, but they didn't keep him awake nights so much. He was learning the game, not in the vulgar sense of getting profit out of it, but learning that in politics a few votes in a caucus are worth many treatises on the ballot duty of free-born citizens.

He had ambitions and, as has been pointed out, he had money. Therefore, he was at liberty to go as far as he could in the pursuit of his experience. The governing body of the Republican party on Manhattan Island and in The Bronx is the county committee. The leaders of the districts are the members. Parsons decided he would be a district leader, and he set about it.

Leaderships are worth having, and there was no disposition to let the young and ambitious Parsons have one. The gentlemen who were in control in the district where Parsons made his essay, feeling that it would be as well to teach Parsons the right kind of a lesson for his temerity at once, and make him a permanent student instead of a practical journeyman, set his caucus date ahead a few weeks when the Fifth Avenue persons who would naturally rally to his support were in Europe or elsewhere and would not be there to vote. This stroke tickled the people who were opposed to Parsons. They sat around and contemplated the job with admiration. They met and congratulated one another on their finesse.

Parsons looked the proposition over. It certainly was tough on him, for the Fifth Avenue people he relied on could not possibly be at the caucuses. He lamented publicly at the trick that had been played on him. It was a shame, for he was an innocent young student of politics and they had taken advantage of his innocence. He lamented publicly, mark you. Privately, he went over to Sixth Avenue, where the folks stay at home all the year around, and when the caucus was over he had won. You see, the old leaders never dreamed that Parsons, born of the purple, knew where Sixth Avenue was and much less that he had the sense to visit it and electioneer among the proletariat.

He tried for Congress and was beaten. "Too bad, Herbert," his friends said. "Too bad that you couldn't get elected."

"Oh," Parsons replied, "that's all right. I shall try again, you know. This is only the first time."

The calm and dispassionate manner in which the young man foreclosed on future nominations for Congress made a large number of people sit up and take notice. One who noticed particularly was the President. He noticed still more when young Parsons did try again and was elected, and, pretty soon, the President made up his mind that Parsons was his kind of a man and called him. Then came the strife to get control of the county committee. Parsons was the President's candidate. He won again, beating the Odell candidate, went to the head of the committee and became the titular leader of the county.

The student was getting his lessons. He was learning fast. There came another struggle. This time Parsons was in control and he fought to retain that control. He won again decisively. The old leaders sat back and gasped. It was incomprehensible, but it was to be comprehended, just the same.

The problem of a candidate for governor came up. The President wanted Charles E. Hughes nominated and passed the word along to Parsons. There were varying emotions in the New York county committee. Bruce had friends and others had supporters. Parsons looked his committee over. He called a meeting. He was well along in his junior year in his course of politics by this time. He didn't ask for any expression of opinion or for an interchange of views as to whom should be nominated for governor.

This was the conversation: "The committee will be in order. Gentlemen, we are here to discuss candidates for governor. I am for Hughes. Who are you for?"

He snapped that out like the crack of a whip. The committeemen shuddered, sighed and declared with loud exclamations that they were for Hughes. There was nothing else for them to do. Young Mr. Parsons was getting on in politics.

He had discovered what many politicians never do discover, that one of the two essentials in politics is nerve. He cultivated that. He didn't have to cultivate the other essential—money. That beautiful flower had been carefully nurtured for him. To look at him now it would seem that he has all the nerve that is necessary and a reserve stock for emergencies. It is good, hand-forged, chilled nerve, too. He has one of those long, rectangular faces, mostly forehead and chin. He can harden it into a chunk of ice on occasion, and it never gets much above the Fahrenheit freezing point at any time. For, you see, he is serious.

The good thing about Parsons is that instead of being a political theorist, and trying to purify politics by sitting around in the clubs and bewailing the evil tendencies of the times, he is doing what he can practically. The conversational method of bringing about better political conditions is much easier than the Parsons way, but about the only result it gets is to bull the highball market. Parsons has the good sense to recognize things as they are and to work along lines that will bring out something even if they do not bring out everything.

Unless he changes his mind he intends to stay in politics in New York for a long time. He won his second Congress election. He is a clear-headed young fellow who is working with the materials he has at hand and getting along. He is clean and capable, and he likes the game. More will be heard of him before any less is heard. He is made of the right sort of stuff.

"Long Live the King! He's Dead!"

### Snuck Up Behind Cæsar

COLONEL "TOL" BOUIE was a Texas orator who had a fondness for classical allusion in his speeches.

This is the way Colonel "Bill" Sterrett, the eminent Texas commentator, reported Colonel Tol's description of the assassination of Julius Cæsar:

"Cæsar was walkin' down the streets of Spain one day when Brutus, with stealthy tread, snuck up behind him and plugged his knife between one of Cæsar's ribs. Then Cæsar, completely taken by surprise, turned on Brutus and in tones of thunder said: 'Is that you, Brutus? You dirty dog!'"

### Not Letter-Perfect

WHEN Frank Daniels, the comedian, began as an actor he had a small part in a romantic drama. He was young and ambitious, but he was impressed with his surroundings and very nervous on his first night.

He had nothing to do but stand around in the first two acts, but in the third act he had a line. It was his business to rush in at a critical moment and shout: "The king is dead! Long live the king!"

Daniels stood in the wings waiting for his cue. It came, and he staggered out on the stage, a wreck from stage-fright. He tried to speak, couldn't; tried again, gulped; and then, with one tremendous effort, yelled:

"Long live the king! He's dead!"

### Wireless Strategy

WHEN General Adna R. Chaffee was in command of a frontier post in the Indian country he received word that the Apaches had left their camp and were killing the settlers, burning their homes and running off their stock.

Chaffee started after them early one morning. Before he went he sent a terse telegram to the War Department, and then told his orderly to go out a short distance from the post and cut the telegraph-wires.

Just as the party was starting the operator came to Chaffee and said:

"General, I got that message of yours off, but now the wires are working badly. I cannot do anything with them."

"I am not surprised," Chaffee replied as he gave the word to start. "This expedition does not need any humanitarian instructions from Washington."

"General, the Wires are Working Badly"

# MISS KINGLAKE'S EXPERIMENT

## What Came of Her Plan to Make the Money for a Christmas Gift

## By George Hibbard

To Make Her Exit Without Notice was Desirable

I

MISS DOROTHEA KINGLAKE opened her already large eyes, and, if truth must be told, parted her rosy lips. She gave a little gasp of astonishment. Whence the idea had come, how it had arrived, she could not imagine. Still in some unaccountable way the thought had entered her mind, so strange, so amazing, so daring, so unprecedented, so unconventional, so revolutionary that she was shocked into erectness from the gilded *chaise longue* on which she reclined. Certainly such a conception was not in the least in accord with her very luxurious, modish existence. She glanced about the pretty Louis-Quinze room which was her boudoir. In the tender light, with the sweet silence, such an actuality was a strange intruder.

And yet when she had worked at the problem as she had, ought she not to expect some commensurate outcome? Exactly as she knew she was pretty, without exactly admitting it to herself, she was aware that she was not stupid, though she only considered this fact sometimes as a justification for certain impatiences and wearinesses. Therefore, when she gave herself to the subject, bent her whole mind to the solution of the question, might she not hope to reach some novel conclusion? But such a result!

"Jack," she said on the preceding afternoon, as they sat for a few minutes alone, "what shall I give you for Christmas?"

He looked at her with an intensity which, in the half-light, she did not note. His silence, however, surprised her.

"Why don't you answer?"

"I—I was thinking," he replied with a sudden, broken laugh, "what I want."

"What *do* you want?" She continued plaintively: "I believe I have exhausted everything. I began, when I was a little, tiny girl and you were a junior at college, with a paper-cutter for your room. In your senior year I followed it up with a silver inkstand. I have run through the gamut of match boxes, cigarette cases, cravat pins, studs, books and riding crops. The year before last I gave you a set of old sporting prints. Last year, as a particularly risky venture, I essayed a picture of myself in a beautiful frame."

"That," he announced in a low tone, "was best of all."

"The frame?" she inquired. "My powers of invention have given out. My imagination ceases to work. I can't think of another thing."

"I should like," he replied slowly, "something new."

"There it is," she commented. "You are so exacting. What shall I do?"

She had always known him. Long before, when he had appeared so immeasurably old, she had admired him with all a little girl's adoration. As time had passed a change had come about. She was the one who directed, he obeyed. Still much of the former relation had continued, and she carried to him all her problems—sure of sympathy and assistance. Whereas she had counted on him to ride out with her on her first pony and play tennis with her, now at balls she depended on him to help her when she was bored by any one. When she held her fan in a particular way he was at once to come up and ask her for a dance.

Really her Christmas gift had always been so usual, so unimaginative for one of her known originality. He should have something different and she pondered the subject with a soft, little wrinkle in her smooth brow. Suddenly the inspiration had come, simple like all great discoveries, though catastrophic in its upheaval and overthrow. Why had she been so long in doubt? Of course, there was but one method, one course to pursue. The thing itself was of little consequence. She could find endless objects to give him. The embarrassment indeed was only the embarrassment of riches. But if she gave to him something purchased with money which in some manner she earned herself, that would be exceptional, unprecedented, surprising, significant, delightful. There would be some meaning in it.

But how? In what fashion was the result to be accomplished? She almost laughed aloud at the drollery of "the rich Miss Kinglake" setting out to make money. How much should she need? She reflected that gaining money must be very difficult. She had heard that. People seemed to find such trouble in doing it that this must be so. She determined to be very modest.

What could she do? With this call to action she sat up, and, resting her chin on her hand, fell to thinking vigorously. How did girls earn money? She was aware that thousands of them did, though the means was far beyond her knowledge or experience. As she reflected she recalled the columns in the newspapers with the declarations of people seeking employment and the announcements of employment offered. She might try them. Quickly, something which she had seen and not noted at the time flashed before her half-closed eyes. A simple sign. How had she happened to remember it unless in an unconscious expectation of such need? She recollected that in the window of a large department store hung an inconspicuous white placard: "Girls Wanted." That, she meditated, must mean work—must necessarily imply pay.

What if she should——? She fairly held her breath with the excitement of the mad scheme. "Apply from five to six." She could see these words also. Glancing at a little gold-mounted, tortoise-shell clock on her writing table she observed the hour. Half-past four.

She sprang erect. She touched the bell. When her maid appeared she stood like a girl Alexander, ready for new worlds to conquer.

"Telephone that I want the automobile," she directed. "And give me the simplest and shabbiest dress I have."

II

THE day had just broken when Miss Dorothea Kinglake stole down the wide stair into the big, dark hall. Her acquaintance with the dawn was slight. Occasionally, in a hunting country, she had seen the sun rise when arising herself for a particularly early "meet." Sometimes on a yacht she had observed the first pale glow in the east. Never before had she known anything like the cold, grim, winter morning. She had long before established an independence which permitted her to take such an unusual step. She might be supposed to be breakfasting in her room. When she did not appear later her absence would be accepted unquestioningly.

She looked about furtively. To make her exit without notice by any early servant was desirable. Successfully, without observation, she slipped through the door and through the porte-cochère. The light was still dim in the leaden sky. Snow had fallen overnight and the ground was gray with it. The deserted Avenue she hardly knew at this hour. Indeed, she scarcely seemed to recognize the world into which she emerged. The distance was considerable to the downtown district, and she had determined to take a car. Eight o'clock was the hour at which she was to be at the store. Ten minutes was all she had in which to reach her destination on time.

Obtaining the place on the preceding afternoon had been easier than she had anticipated. She had left the automobile at a corner, and made her way into a crowd of waiting girls. Almost immediately they were headed into a hallway. A man came forward hurriedly. Inspection was brief. Questions were few. At the holiday season an unusual number of extra helpers had to be obtained unexpectedly.

"You'll do," said the official, with a glance at her. "We can always make use of a girl of good appearance whether she knows anything or not. What's your name?"

"Mamie Taylor," she answered. She had thought carefully, and this name had struck her as both unnoticeable and characteristic.

"Report to-morrow morning to the manager."

She was reporting. She had stopped a car and entered. She stood swaying unsteadily in a mass of pale, sleepy-eyed men and women. No one heeded her. She had never felt so alone in her life. At a corner of the block occupied by the great shop she got out. She saw many hurrying in her direction. Following with a persistent sense of unreality, she found herself one of a long line approaching a desk.

"Mamie Taylor," snapped the man without looking up.

"Yes—yes, sir," she said timidly.

"Number 523. Go to the Toy Department."

Number 523! Was she a convict to be catalogued? To the strangeness of the situation was added almost the loss of personality. Who was she? Was she herself, to be checked off in this fashion like one of the wagons of the establishment? Dazed, she moved aside.

"Come! Get a move on," some one commanded.

By questions not always too civilly answered she at last reached the place she sought. In the basement, brilliant with sizzling arc-lights, the heat, the hard refulgence and confusion further confounded her.

"The manager?" she gasped.

"I'm him," a small, nervous person declared pompously. "Five hundred and twenty-three, you can begin to dust and condense this stock at once."

"Condense?" she murmured, gazing helplessly after the potentate, who moved on majestically.

"Say, you *are* green!" spoke a harsh, high voice.

Turning quickly, she saw an imposing being. Certainly the girl was about her own age. The sallow, powdered face; the unblinking, staring eyes; the lines about the mouth, however, made her at the first sight appear older. Only on closer inspection might one note the still girlish roundness of the cheeks, the youthful redness of the mouth. The yellow hair was brought forward in a heavy wave, low over the forehead, dropping almost to the eyebrows. The gold filling of a tooth, saliently displayed, showed between the rapidly-moving lips.

"I don't know what 'condense' means," said Dorothea hopelessly.

"Put the goods together so they'll take as little room as they can," snapped the girl. "Here, like this."

With an impatient yet skilful movement she collected a number of smaller objects in an incredibly small space.

"Guess you won't be much good," she went on censoriously. "You don't look as if you'd got the sand. What's your name?"

"Mamie Taylor," Dorothea answered timidly.

"I'm Miss McCloskey—Miss Maggie McCloskey," continued the other. "Now, Miss Taylor, why ain't you doin' somethin'?"

"What?"

"Got to explain everything to you?" Miss McCloskey continued with every appearance of anger. "Now, you just dust those things and stand ready to sell when the

people begin to come. When the prices bother you, ask me. Course you don't know how to fill out a check?"

She explained in hurried, aggressive tones, giving every indication of growing indignation.

"Wastin' my time this way," she complained acrimoniously, "as if I hadn't somethin' better to do. See, now, you get five per on all sales, an' you don't want to get left. There's some would take the last birdseed from a moulting canary. I got to hustle myself. Christmas comin' an' the money I'd saved for a present for Mr. Pitman advanced to Annie Taggert for rent, or she'd 'a' been put in the street. Course he'll think I've gone back on him an' some other girl'll be givin' him somethin'."

Miss McCloskey's hard eyes were clouded for a moment.

"Love ain't the sure thing it looks. If I had what I deserve and was the head of this department—as it is, what I'm to do for a new dress for the Columbia Ball on Christmas Eve I dunno. An' Mr. Pitman, he's a great dresser himself an'll notice in a minute."

She hurried away, putting vigor into a lagging worker; then arranging to better advantage some article for sale. Dorothea was left bewildered and almost breathless. Automatically she moved about, dusting and ordering. Gradually she came to see more clearly. On every side were toys. Above her, strung in wreaths, were smaller trinkets. About her feet, so that she almost stumbled over them, were piled the larger and heavier playthings. Everywhere were Christmas greens and signs. "Merry Christmas" in scarlet and gold letters showed among the decorations encouragingly. Glancing at her companions, she found a mockery in the words. Hurried, anxious, nervous, they bent to their tasks. Dozens of girls fitted and prattled. None were old, some were very young and pretty.

"My!" said one, gazing at a doll in gorgeous raiment which displayed an insolvently satisfied, waxen countenance, "I'd like to have her myself."

Dorothea recognized that, in another sphere of life, the speaker would have been merely a schoolgirl.

She was so small and frail indeed that, when she sank, looking furtively round, into a large toy chair, she appeared nowise out of place.

"I don't know how I'm going to get through to-day," she moaned, putting her hands to her head with the dullness of pain showing in the blue pupils under the long lashes.

"Number hundred and five," snarled the manager, who was passing, "the house don't pay you to take your ease."

The girl stood up with a terrified stare. Dorothea's white teeth closed sharply. Her little foot stamped as she stepped forward.

"Now you look out!" warned Miss McCloskey with a retaining hand on her shoulder. "No use mixin' in other people's business. We got enough to do to look out for ourselves."

Still Dorothea saw that with a great air of unconcern the vigorous damsel drew near the smaller and younger girl. She observed in her hand the contour of a marshmallow. With a quick movement the flaccid delicacy was transferred.

"What's the trouble," commented Miss McCloskey, as if taking up a subject already under discussion when Dorothea was next brought near her, "is this: the most of us has others that's got to be looked out for. Now, Pearl Clark's got a crippled brother and a baby sister, an' her mother, who's a widow lady, is sufferin' just now with bronchitis. She's pretty, too, as things go, an'—well—it's harder for some nor others."

"How terrible!" exclaimed Dorothea impulsively.

"It's all in the day's work," continued Miss McCloskey. "Only every one ain't as strong as a horse."

The morning advanced. When, however, Dorothea thought the time must be ten, she found it nearer nine. In the close air, in the discordant din, the minutes dragged like hours. Few people had appeared. As each one crossed the floor the "salesladies" stood in readiness. Eleven o'clock had passed before the rush began. Then a steady stream of purchasers filled the place. They crowded before the counter. They jostled each other. The riot grew. Dorothea would never have found the courage to accost any prospective buyer, much less cut her out from under the attack of any of her companions. Only because the crowd was so great that all were engaged and there was no one to "wait on" her, a stout, belated customer was unattended. She gazed about impatiently.

"If you girls were attending to your business instead of chatting ——" she began, looking squarely at Dorothea.

"Can I do anything for you, madam?" she asked humbly.

"Certainly," croaked the woman. "Haven't I been waiting here for a quarter of an hour? I want a doll in the latest fashion. A real stylish one."

"Will this do?" Dorothea asked, displaying a flaxen-curled, red-cheeked figure clad in white with a wide blue-ribboned straw hat.

"That!" fumed the female contemptuously. "Do you call that up to date? Why, there ain't no fashionable look there. When were hats like that wore? Before the flood, I guess."

"What Shall I Give You for Christmas?"

Dorothea produced another and more modish example.

"A suit of that sort!" condemned the woman. "They went out last year. No, I'm not to be put off with any old stuff."

Obediently Dorothea displayed another and then another, only to find it unsatisfactory. Still the next failed to meet the requirements and yet one more. She took down doll after doll. She opened box after box. The time employed was considerable, the demand on patience great.

"Well," declared the massive shopper at length, "*now* I'm sure. I was only lookin'. I'll go somewheres where they have things."

She departed with as near a flounce as her size permitted. Dorothea sighed. When she had done a thing well she had always been praised for it. Failure annoyed her.

"Why didn't that woman buy?" demanded the manager, who had been watching.

"There was not what she liked."

"What's that?" he retorted. "You're here to sell what we've got, not what they want."

Dorothea's eyes flashed. Then she remembered. With an effort she remained silent.

"Yes, sir," she said meekly.

The department was packed. Motion was difficult. On one side at last she discovered a small boy. He stood somewhat apart from the mob, as if intimidated by it. His gaze was fixed on a large and glittering Christmas tree.

"Gee!" he muttered to himself. "Couldn't I use that!"

"May I help you?" she asked gently, making her way toward him.

His clear, ten-year-old eyes rested thankfully and trustily on her.

"I wanter git Christmas presents," he confided.

"Yes," she said.

"I got ninety-five cents," he declared proudly. "An' I want presents for Edna an' Maud an' Tommy an' the baby."

"We'll certainly find something," she declared confidently.

She was obliged to take his hand to lead him through the throng. Carefully they hunted over the place. They gravely inspected rocking-horses, playhouses, express-carts, locomotive engines and steamboats.

"They's too high," he said finally with a depressing realization of the limited purchasing powers of money, even of ninety-five cents. "I thought that I'd have enough," he went on. "I made it sellin' papers, an' I thought it was goin' to go," he finished, struggling manfully against disappointment.

"Never mind," Dorothea exclaimed. "We'll find something that will be very nice. Just wait."

Again they made the round, giving their attention to less magnificent articles. Dorothea put down on a check each purchase made. At length, reaching the last, she found that the list stood:

Trumpet,
Top,
Noah's Ark,
Paint-box.

"An' the baby?" he murmured.

"True," ejaculated Dorothea, "the baby. And this is ninety-four cents."

The child-eyes were fixed reverently on a clown, splendid in red stripes.

"You believe the baby would like that?" she asked.

"Yes," he whispered, "but——"

Dorothea dropped her hand into her pocket. In an instant fifty cents in silver was slipped into the small palm. "You take it," she said. "That'll just pay for it."

"Why," exclaimed the boy, his eyes growing rounder as he gazed at her, "you must be—Santa Claus' daughter."

"Oh, no," Dorothea rejoined. "I may be in disguise, but I'm not that."

The child studied her, speechless with amazement.

"Where are they to be sent?"

"I want 'em myself," the boy replied quickly.

"What is your name and address?" she inquired.

"George Dewey Bowker, number thousand 'leven, Foundry Street," he replied, naming a thoroughfare in a poor and outlying part of the town.

"Very well, Mr. George Dewey Bowker," answered Dorothea gleefully, "we shall see."

As he turned she slipped the collection of pennies, five-cent pieces and dimes he had given her back into his pocket.

The morning wore on. The time seemed endless. Dorothea was in excellent training. Much riding and golfing had put her in perfect condition. Still the constant standing was wearying; the constant turmoil a great strain. As the moments dragged she saw that the girls became paler, more nervous and more irritable. Miss McCloskey's voice sounded with even greater bitterness. The directions of the manager were given with even sterner harshness. The light glared; the voices rose and fell; the heat increased. She, who had never had such a thing in her life, detected the beginning of a headache—felt her eyes aching, her temples throbbing. She was hungry, too, and a strange faintness was coming

over her. What the time was she did not know. She had given up counting.

"Oh," murmured Number 105 as she and Dorothea stood for a moment together.

"What is it?"

"My head is swimming," the girl confided. "I've got to go," she went on plaintively, as she staggered toward the head of the department.

He frowned down on her.

"Please, sir," she said, "I don't feel well. I'd like to get home."

"If you leave now," he replied abruptly, "you leave for good."

Number 105, as Dorothea saw, drew back as if she had been struck. As the dignitary moved away the middle-aged floor-walker drew near.

"Here," he said in a low tone to the sufferer, "you go and lay down in the cloak-room. I won't say anything. Only show up here every half-hour so you won't be missed."

Dorothea directed a grateful glance at the man.

"Come," she said to Number 105.

"Ain't Mr. Wilbur considerate!" stammered the girl. "An' with all his bein' here ten years they'd turn him off in a minute if they knew. Discipline must be kept up, they say. Him with a mortgage on his little home."

Almost supporting her, Dorothea helped her, the other showing the way. Into a dark clothes-hung cellar they came. The girl threw herself wearily on the floor.

"But," cried Dorothea, horrified, "you can't lie there."

"Let me be," answered Pearl Clark wearily as she closed her eyes. A little cash girl, stealing up, looked on for a moment. She stripped off her apron and thrust it under the head of the recumbent figure.

"I got another," she explained.

"What is your name?" Dorothea asked quickly.

"Linda Kraszewski."

"Bless you, child," said Dorothea, seizing her and kissing her.

"What's that fer?" demanded the amazed urchin, standing off defiantly.

"Because you are good to her."

"G'way," the other answered; "stop kiddin' me."

Back into the pandemonium of the store Dorothea hurried.

"Absent without permission," growled the manager, who observed her hurrying up.

"I——" she began, trembling in spite of herself.

"No excuses," he ordered peremptorily. "You know the fine."

Hot with suppressed fury, Dorothea took her place behind the counter. Her mouth was firmly set now. Her eyes fairly blazed. She was seeing behind the scenes of life as she had never seen before. The seamy side of the world which had always presented itself to her as a glittering, luxurious spectacle was very different from what she supposed. A strange mixture she was finding of good and bad, of cruelty and kindness. The bad more often the result of ignorance than anything; the cruelty most frequently arising from the dulling influence of every-day usage. Reality had laid its touch upon her, and the sensation was numbing. With hard fingers pressing open her eyes she envisaged fact with a directness that seemed to make her eyeballs ache. The huge shop became a mask a vanity fair—a whited sepulchre. The bright colors jarred. The effort after cheerfulness and gayety became a cruel sham. Lively music, playing somewhere in the distance, smote her ears as a horrid jangle.

What was Christmas—the "Merry Christmas" confronting her everywhere—when there were such toil and suffering? Was all a mummery? Had she been in a fool's paradise existing in a day-dream? With clearer vision she saw things differently now. Could she ever be happy again? Could Christmas be merry for her? And yet—— She thought of the real kindness of the masterful Miss McCloskey with the heavy wave of hair and the gold tooth; she remembered the thoughtfulness of the old floor-walker to Number 105 now gaining a little rest on the hard boards; she recalled the act of the little cash girl. There was something still. Humanity was not altogether heartless, the world not utterly bad.

She looked before her, so lost in thought that she did not see. Still mechanically she noted what was happening. A thin-faced, thin-lipped woman in a large plumed hat stood making a purchase. In her hand was a purse. She laid it on the counter. A brush of her sleeve brought it noiselessly and unnoticed to the floor. Inattentively Dorothea watched her move away. A cash girl darted forward. She picked up the leather case and ran after the woman.

"Here!" Dorothea heard the small messenger say, "you've lost your pocketbook."

The woman turned impatiently. She seized the proffered object. Her fingers closed firmly on it. Without a word she moved on. Suddenly she stopped. Dorothea idly watched her as she touched the clasp and peered into the portemonnaie.

Dorothea observed that she turned pale, then red with fury. "I—I—I" she cried in a loud tone—"I've been robbed!"

The vigor of the announcement and the nature of it caused an instant hush.

"What is it, madam?" demanded the floor-walker, hurrying up.

"I had ten dollars in this purse," she exclaimed in a declamatory voice that rang through the place. "I dropped it. I opened it just now to get a list. The money is—gone! That little girl there had the pocketbook and gave it to me. She has taken the bills!"

The child started as the denouncing finger was pointed at her. Her lips trembled in fright. She began to cry.

"See!" said the woman spitefully. "You see she knows she did it."

Dorothea stepped forward as if fascinated. The accused, as she discovered at once, was Linda Kraszewski.

"I'm very sorry," said the floor-walker. "There must be some mistake."

"I tell you there isn't any," raged the woman.

A stout, ordinary-looking man came softly but swiftly forward.

"I am one of the house detectives," he announced. "What is it?"

"I demand that little thief shall be arrested."

"I haven't got it! I didn't take it!" almost shrieked the child.

"Keep still," ordered the detective, taking her firmly by the shoulder.

"I didn't touch it," the cash girl sobbed in terror.

"She did," replied the woman. "She had the purse. The money was there. It isn't now," she finished triumphantly.

A crowd had gathered. Shop people and purchasers were pressing up. The actors stood in the midst of the listening and staring throng.

"Don't arrest me!" pleaded the girl, too frenzied with fear to defend herself. "Don't put me in jail!"

Dorothea stepped out in the small, open space where the others stood.

"I think there is some error," she announced in a clear but unsteady voice.

(Continued on Page 30)

# Sampson Rock of Wall Street

## By EDWIN LEFÈVRE

"Please See that the Money is Forthcoming"

*XVIII*

THEY met at Colonel Robinson's office the next morning by appointment, in order to "talk business," as Darrell had put it. Colonel Robinson had silently hoped they would buy Capital Park Improvement Company stock, and Sam had hoped, also silently, that he could buy Virginia Central stock. What the Colonel audibly hoped was that they had enjoyed a good night's rest. They hoped he felt as well as he looked. He did. Smiles. There was a pause. Robinson was about to end it with a premeditated jocularity when Darrell said:

"Colonel, we shall return to New York in a few days. As I told you last night, we have been looking into the Austin County coal-fields and we think there's money in them." Darrell abstained from mentioning the Austin Iron Company.

"There certainly is," acquiesced the Colonel. He still hoped they would see how much more there was in estate and suburban trolleys. "You are making no mistake."

"We are not," assented Darrell calmly, "unless the transportation facility should continue inadequate."

"Continue?" echoed the Colonel, arching his eyebrows in polite surprise.

"Surely, you don't think you could handle a much bigger tonnage with your present equipment?"

"As I said before, you get out the tonnage and we'll move it." The Colonel said it tranquilly. His tranquility would have impressed them had they not known the road's condition, physical and financial. The Colonel then waited for more.

"I hope you will," went on Darrell. "But, even assuming that you will be in shape to do so, we should like to feel that the Virginia Central is friendly to us." To Sam, Darrell was indirect. There was no frontal attack. He was intimating what was not so.

"Friendly? Of course we'll be friendly! We'd help you out of pure unadulterated selfishness." The Colonel smiled unselfishly.

"What assurance are you willing to give us that you will put yourself in a position to handle the traffic we'll give you?"

"My word!" answered Colonel Robinson simply. He looked Homeric.

Darrell bowed. This play-acting made him smile—his own as well as Robinson's. He looked at Sam and almost winked, but the youngster's face was too serious. Sam took his friend's glance as a cue for him to say something. Thereupon Sam said with much positiveness:

"Colonel Robinson, I consider the outlook for that section of the country very bright indeed if the railroad could be brought up to date. All that is needed is capital. I think we could help the Virginia Central ——"

"If the Virginia Central will help us," interjected Darrell.

"Having been considerately prepared for the worst," said Colonel Robinson with a genial smile, "suppose you gentlemen tell me exactly what it is you desire?" The president of the Virginia Central Railroad looked at Darrell as if he welcomed the gladsome opportunity to do exactly as his friend wished, no greater pleasure having yet been discovered by this world's experts in happiness.

"A schedule of rates," replied Darrell—a trifle pugnaciously, Sam thought—"that will enable us to figure on sure profits, thereby facilitating my work of floating a big coal and iron company. The first thing that any capitalist will ask about is railroad rates."

"My dear Mr. Darrell, isn't it a trifle premature to talk of a coal tonnage before you own a single ——"

"Before we buy a foot of land in this State we've got to know what the railroad will do for us."

"As I've already said, sir, when you show us the tonnage I will show you satisfactory rates." The Colonel looked businesslike. He was very versatile.

"Colonel," said Darrell bluntly, "we want rates from your road that will make our mines pay. Out West, the railroads back up infant industries with actual cash and long credits. In this section the procedure is different, I believe. See what the Great Southern is doing for the Buffalo Creek Coal Company."

"Yes," interrupted Colonel Robinson angrily, "it is being milked by the coal company which is owned by the president of the Great Southern and his friends in the directorate of the railroad. The railroad stock pays two per cent. dividends and the coal company twelve. The railroad insiders own very little of the railroad stock and *all* of the coal stock." Colonel Robinson did not wish to offend these gentlemen nor to hinder the urgently needed industrial developments along his line, but he would not permit erroneous impressions as to the way his road was willing to do business.

"I did not know that," replied Darrell apologetically. "I had merely heard that the railroad did all in its power to help the Buffalo Creek enterprise."

"So it does." Colonel Robinson said it with a grim smile.

"Of course, we had no idea of asking such a thing. We want to get out Austin County coal at a profit and we want all the aid we can get until we are firmly on our feet. We have to create a market for that coal. You realize that, don't you?" Sam was vaguely irritated by Darrell's talk. It gave him a feeling of impatience rather than of

indignation. The whole truth could not be told to Colonel Robinson, but, of course, no unfair advantage would be taken of the Colonel's ignorance.

"Yes, sir. It is undoubtedly so." The Colonel's air as he looked at Darrell was one of felicitation—on Darrell's grasp of the situation and its exigencies.

"We'll have to spend a fortune in advertising—all kinds of advertising. I want to get the Government to use it on the trial trips of the new warships and give that fact the widest publicity. There are other coal companies already laying pipes to get the same advertisement. It's a fine quick-firing coal and ought to win on its merits. But merit needs pushing and pushing costs money. I don't mind telling you," said Darrell impressively, "that options on all the producing mines and on several thousands of acres of coal lands in Austin County have already been secured."

Sam admitted to himself that Darrell had very carefully not lied, and that if they secured good rates and facilities they would make the new and greater Austin Iron Company a success whether Sampson Rock secured the control of the Virginia Central Railroad or not. He did not feel as indignant about it as he had been at Sampson Rock's misleading truth-telling in Wall Street. He was impatient to finish this preliminary palaver and eager to ask Robinson's price for his railroad stock. Robinson must know they were in earnest and had big plans in mind. He blurted out impatiently:

"And Mr. Darrell and I would like to buy out the Austin Iron Company; not for a syndicate, but for ourselves."

Darrell flushed violently and did not trust himself to look at Sam. But the Colonel opened wide his eyes. Then he said, with a successful attempt at composure:

"I had suspected something of the sort, gentlemen." He smiled with a quiet sort of mysteriousness, as a man who habitually knows everything, but is the incarnation of astute taciturnity. It was very plain to Sam that the Colonel's soul-crises over matters of veracity were not violent.

"We want low rates," said Darrell quickly. "We will give you the tonnage, which you need pretty badly. You establish your tariffs, but we will guarantee you a minimum the first year of 50,000 tons more than you carried last year, and we expect that you will give us ——"

"Our road has never given rebates," interrupted Colonel Robinson with austere solemnity. But his heart began to beat with hope. Darrell's speech, with its promise of new business, was as a lungful of fresh air to a drowning man. It showed in his eyes. Sam observed it and mistook the gleam for the last of the resistance. He concluded that the Colonel wished to yield and at the same time save his self-respect.

"Then you enjoy the proud distinction of being unique among railroads of this great and glorious country, made great and glorious by its railroads," Darrell said amiably.

"Never mind all that," said Sam. "Colonel, if we are going to get out a tonnage that will mean plenty of work to the inhabitants of Austin County and to the railroad, do you think it is fair we should do all the sweating? What do you say to an increase of 50,000 tons the first year, 100,000 the second, 200,000 the third, 300,000 the fourth, and so on to 500,000 tons more per year than the Virginia Central ever carried before? What do you say ought to be done by the railroad?"

That was so much more than the Colonel had dared to hope that he was tempted to think these men were merely talking for effect. Men who could do such things were too powerful not to be able to force the railroad to do everything, short of losing money. Yet, there was only one railroad into Austin County, and to build a new line from Austin to either tidewater or some point on another and more complaisant road was an expense too great to incur by the coal and iron company. These men had given him information—to be verified merely by ascertaining the extent of Mr. Darrell's resources in the way of cash and reputation in New York—which would enable him to cheer the pusillanimous holders of Virginia Central stock. They would be told of "important developments" and would thank the sleepless president of the road for his efforts in the road's behalf. With more tonnage, moreover, bond dealers might be less unreasonable. Robinson habitually thought not of the present, which was apt to be cloudy, but of the future, which always was rosy with the incandescence of aureate hopes. To-day was not cloudy.

"You can count on me, gentlemen," he assured them with much benignity. He carefully avoided looking triumphant or otherwise showing that he was thinking of himself and of the fact that the Virginia Central was the only road into the Austin coal-fields. He was not in their power. Give and take, that was the science of business. There was no need to think of what he might possibly give; but he saw very vividly and distinctly what he would take.

Sam, more from intuition than from any mental analysis, divined a part of what was passing in the Colonel's mind, and he said suddenly:

"Not one cent do we spend in Austin County or anywhere else along the line of the Central until we know what to expect from the railroad. Of course, you wouldn't squeeze us ——" The Colonel put on a look that emphatically denied such a crime—"because you wouldn't kill the goose that laid the golden eggs; besides which, we would never put ourselves in a position to be squeezed. Ironbound contracts or nothing. But will you give us adequate facilities ——"

"Certainly," interrupted the Colonel earnestly. "Of course." And he smiled a trifle pityingly.

"You haven't them now, and before you spend money to buy cars and engines you naturally will make certain of our ability to do as we say. We don't want to build another road. It would cost less to buy 25,000 or 30,000 shares of Virginia Central stock. It would give us," finished Sam, who himself desired now very carefully not to lie, "representation in your road."

"It certainly would," assented the Colonel cordially. "A most excellent idea." He did not feel cordial. The greatest man in the world would not listen to a "bluff" with real cordiality.

"If you buy 30,000 shares, Sam," said Darrell in a cold-shower voice, "it will tie up a million dollars. That's $50,000 a year loss in interest, or just about the profit on 250,000 or 300,000 tons of coal."

"It would prove a fine investment, sir!" The Colonel said it with conviction. He might be able to issue treasury stock and sell it to these people, who would by no means control the road thereby. He looked sternly at Darrell until the thought struck him that these men might have designs on the road as well, and thereupon looked encouraging—that there might be further revelations.

"I have no desire to invest in railroad stocks," said Darrell decisively. "It's out of my line."

"Colonel," put in Sam abruptly, "your road needs money as much as the Austin County mines do. You haven't the equipment now, but we might be able to help you get it. But before taking any steps in the matter of pledging ourselves to buy the stock or bonds that you would have to issue to raise the money needed, we can't be rank outsiders. The stock is now selling around thirty-five, and many people think it is pretty high at that. I am no expert on values of stocks, but I know that after we've put in money into coal and iron here, and your road's in better physical shape, the stock will be worth more. Therefore, suppose you get us options on a block of the stock held by those of your acquaintances who, you say, are grumbling because the stock isn't paying dividends?"

"You mean you will buy ——"

"No; I won't buy any stock outright; but for an option on, say, 50,000 shares at a price a little higher than the stock may be bought for to-day in the open market, I'm willing to pay whatever you think is fair."

"For example?"

"For 50,000 shares at forty I'll pay $200,000. That's for a year's option."

"$200,000," said Darrell, "will drive a mighty long tunnel ——"

Colonel Robinson smiled blandly and shook his head, both of which vexed Sam. He said:

"Gentlemen, all I can say is: Go ahead and develop the mines and the Virginia Central will help you to the best of its ability. As for the option, why, the stock will sell much higher before the year is out. The open market is before you."

"Without such developments as we have in mind, you must realize that the stock's chances of selling at higher prices are remote."

"I decidedly realize nothing of the sort. We have been doing business a week or two, and ——"

"Yes, and ——" Sam checked himself. "We must have time to promote our companies, though we already know what we can do. I don't want to gamble in railroad stocks and I have no desire to invest money in them when I want to work here in Virginia developing the resources of the State. But, of course, if you don't see your way clear to pledging the Central to help us ——"

"Pardon me, sir, if I interrupt you," the Colonel said with much dignity. "We want more business and we'll do all we can to further your desires. But, although I might promise much now, I can't pledge my railroad to go into bankruptcy to help companies that, so far as I can see, do not exist as yet even on paper."

"So far as I am concerned," said Darrell coldly, "they will remain on paper unless we can reach a written agreement with your road in the matter of rates. Suppose you prepare a schedule for us and ——"

"We don't want to lose time," Sam interjected. "The iron trade is booming. You don't think it is possible for us to buy options on a block of stock from yourself or your friends at a price sufficiently above the market price to show our faith in Austin County resources, and at the same time discount some of the increase in value our mining operations would bring the stock?"

"Not one share of my holdings is for sale at any price, and I have steadfastly advised my friends to hold theirs. I cannot compel them to hold. But I do not think they would accept any such absurd price as forty dollars a share, nor would they childishly allow any strange capitalists to deprive them of their voice in the management of their road. Moreover"—the Colonel said this with a friendly smile, for he would not close the door on developments that would make him a very rich man—"I do not think that the voting power of 50,000 shares would enable you as directors of the railroad to vote to yourselves, as directors of the coal company, rates that would bankrupt the road in a year or two." He had seen their plot and he was not angry. He was tolerant and, yes, amused. But, then, everything is fair in business

"Then no coal-lands for us," said Sam, with much decision.

"That is for you to decide, gentlemen." Colonel Robinson said this calmly. Of course, these men would go away—and would return and talk rates. Both sides would yield; one side, a few inches and no more—at the psychological moment. The other side, realizing the uselessness of trying to get more, would be content. Darrell confirmed his suspicions by saying:

"Colonel, will you think over this matter, and just try to put yourself in our place, and also consider fairly how much it is worth to your road to double your tonnage from Austin?"

"I have thought. We won't cut off our nose to spite our face. But we have to live. Millions for defense, but not one cent for ——"

"Rebates!" finished Darrell, smiling. He rose to go. "Of course, our talk has been in strict confidence."

"Of course." Colonel Robinson aimed at the engineer a rebuking look of surprise. But Sam, who saw the look, was not impressed with the Colonel's histrionic ability. He felt certain Robinson would tell everybody that a new era of prosperity was dawning for the Virginia Central. Nevertheless, he shook hands warmly and said he would call again as soon as he returned from a few days' absence on a personal business that unexpectedly called him away.

As soon as they were out of hearing of the Colonel, Darrell halted, looked at Sam steadily a minute before he spoke. Then he said:

"I'll bet there never was your equal in this world for sheer, unadulterated ——"

"You win, Jack," said Sam with conviction.

### XIX

FROM time to time Sam endeavored to defend his tactless truth-telling which had succeeded in making Robinson less willing to sell his Central stock, but it was a half-hearted defense at best. He could not claim as his own a fanatical devotion to the truth. He had not told the entire truth to the Colonel, and he recognized that such a thing would have been impossible, or at all events highly impolitic. To tell less than the whole truth, granting there was no loss of self-respect in the proceeding, might be pardoned if the fractional veracity had been judiciously selected. This latter was Darrell's contention, made all the more irritating in that no honest reply could come to Sam's mind. He had no desire to be an altruist; he did not feel called upon to lead a crusade against wealth while there was one unsuccored pauper in the wide world. He might not admit it to himself, but, for all that, his hatred of mendacity was now qualified. It was lying for money that he hated. He did not think it the part of a gentleman ever to lie. It was even more than cowardly; it was useless. He had tried to be honest and veracious in his dealings with Robinson. He had succeeded in being honest, but only to the extent that he had endeavored not to defraud. Absolutely truthful he had not been, and all he had gained was the consciousness that his half-truths had shown how absurd complete veracity would have been.

This feeling of impotence to be completely one thing or the other filled him with a sense of exasperation. He had experienced a check; his progress toward a goal, that hourly became more pleasing as he thought of the manifold meanings of his definite arrival at it, had been impeded. As his resentment waxed hotter, he thought less of himself and his honorable intentions and more of Robinson. There was no doubt of it—the president of the Virginia Central was one of the dogs-in-the-manger whose mission in life was to convince strenuous philanthropists that the end, after all, justifies the means. Indeed, the desire to get Robinson's own stock—or rather enough shares to insure the possession of the control of the road itself—came to him; an ardent wish to supplant a phrase-drunken visionary by a taciturn but highly-efficient railroad manager, a chap like Rogers of the Roanoke working under Sampson Rock. Withal, he had not the shadow of a wish to pay other than a fair price for Robinson's stock; he would even pay more than a fair price if only Robinson would sell out at once. When this had crystallized in his mind, the juvenile inconsistency of it all, the indifference to the money-cost in a purely business transaction—an indifference which plainly arose from his ignorance of the value of money—struck him humorously. He laughed and said to Darrell:

"Jack, I am all you think, and more, too. But let us give Robinson another chance."

"I think you'd better stick to the iron company and leave the man's work to your father."

Sam flushed because Darrell looked very much in earnest, but he smiled good-humoredly as he replied: "Maybe

Work Done and Doing Under the Supervision of Mr. Rogers

you are right, Jack. You go to Austin and stir up Fletcher and I'll take a little trip over the Roanoke. That will give Robinson time to think it over."

"Yes, I expect he will do a heap of thinking this next week or two, if you allow your father to work undisturbed."

The same thought had been in Sam's mind, and with it the not altogether pleasant realization that he had become an accomplice of the great stock manipulator in his unedifying task. The work that his father was doing did not now have the same power to arouse indignation and the instinctive opposition that had caused their great misunderstanding. It could not, even without causing a deterioration in the moral fibre, for the reason that he now realized the utter futility of straightforwardness and complete veracity. He did not think of the difference between instigating in person attacks on Robinson's credit and taking advantage of similar attacks made by some one else. The unwavering desire to pay a fair money price was as the light of an antique alabaster lamp—poetical, but dim. It made motives shadowy and intentions flicker. By going away now he would let events shape themselves. Nothing could possibly happen in his absence that would make his task any more difficult than it now was, and he would have time to think of Robinson and plan a course of action even while he acquainted himself with the railroad the development of which was his father's sole motive-power in business. Patience would not come hard after realizing that it was absolutely necessary.

Darrell went to Austin, uninstructed and in good humor, while Sam, under the tutelage of Rogers, division superintendent and famous railroad expert, made an "exhaustive trip" over the Roanoke. He saw his father's road from the observation-windows of the president's private car, looking through the eyes of an expert who pointed out nothing but the excellent work done and doing under the supervision of the modest Mr. Rogers. Never had Mr. Rogers suggested improvements that Sampson Rock had not promptly telegraphed from New York: "Go ahead." To make a fine road for a man who did not want and would not have any other kind, Rogers told Sam, was like being in Heaven. The result—of Mr. Rogers' suggestions and Sampson Rock's financial bravery and resources—was before Sam. The Roanoke was making money. It would make much more. Factories were going up—many of them on paper, but none the less impressive for all that—along the line of the railroad; the population was increasing, the people were prosperous and working as never before; real-estate booms were heard of here and there, farms were paying, money was circulating freely, and all about him, besides the agricultural activity visible from the windows, Sam could see new cars, new locomotives, new stations, construction gangs at work on sidings and switches—the tireless spirit of Sampson Rock omnipresent.

Unconsciously Rogers, in his explanation of the outwardness and inwardness of what they saw, did much to change Sam's point of view toward his father's business methods. What Sam saw excused much. It took the sting from many reproaches, it made the suffering of the individual a matter of less importance until vague regrets seemed more natural than heart-wrung tears. As he studied the Roanoke under the tuition of Mr. Rogers, he wrote to Fanny—long letters containing very little of himself and very much about the road and the work and the inspiration of the work, so that Fanny rejoiced and answered accordingly, and he wrote again. In his wish to interest her, he intensified his own interest until he was full to overflowing with a resolve to devote his life to doing such work as his father had done. He most certainly would be with Rogers when Rogers was intrusted with the modernization of the Virginia Central. He wrote at length to his father—enthusiastic descriptions of what he had seen as well as many echoes of the modest Rogers' expert utterances. Ten days later he went back to Richmond.

Darrell would not be likely to return from his trip to Austin until the following day, and Sam called on Judge Abercrombie.

"I am indeed glad to see you, Mr. Rock." The Judge scrutinized him caressingly. "Your trip," he ventured, tentatively felicitating, "certainly seems to have agreed with you. Did you enjoy it?"

"Very much. It won't be my last trip."

"Rogers is an able man," Abercrombie said, "a very able man. Your father, I think, has a genius for recognizing talent."

"I like Rogers." Sam confirmed his father's judgment. "By the way, have you seen anything of Colonel Robinson lately?"

"Oh, yes. He has been very active—and very voluble." The Judge smiled. "Perhaps I should have said loquacious. He has been telling everybody that very important developments were pending, and has written to his London agents—so I have been reliably informed—of great plans for improving the road, and of the need for facilities to handle an approaching increase in traffic. To his more intimate friends he has hinted that the coal-fields of Austin County ——"

Sam frowned. Judge Abercrombie went on a trifle deprecatingly: "I suppose some of the people whom Mr. Morson saw must have given him an inkling of the deal. At all events, the Colonel went to Austin last week. His coming back and his loquacity were synchronous."

There was a silence. At length Sam, with an effort that was not apparent to Abercrombie, suggested calmly: "I think you had better write to my father about it."

"I have done so. This morning I received this telegram: 'Thanks. Keep us fully informed. Discourage belief that options will be exercised. Continue searches and arrange final papers.—Morson.'"

Sam's feeling of relief that his indiscretion had not upset his father's plans made him overlook the instructions as to the discouragement of the coal-land-owners' hopes, the latter properly being for effect on the over-optimistic Robinson. He was concerned with his own Austin Iron Company deal and was anxious to learn what progress had been made by Darrell and Fletcher. When he left Richmond, Austin shares had been quoted at thirty-five to forty, but that morning he had seen the latest quotations in the broker's office which adjoined the hotel. They were from thirty to thirty-five. He had wondered, curiously rather than indignantly, how the drop in the quoted price had been achieved. Fletcher's versatility might have taken a new turn and possibly had helped to offset Robinson's oratory.

Rogers, the able and modest superintendent of the Roanoke's Western division, was waiting in the hotel lobby for his pupil. At the sight of Sam the able superintendent put on a grateful smile:

"Mr. Rock, I don't know how to thank you."

"For what?"

"For the raise."

"What raise?" Sam was puzzled and looked it. His ignorance made him rise in Rogers' estimation. It proved to the superintendent that young Rock was in the confidence of the great Sampson Rock. It behooved him to cultivate his young benefactor.

"My salary has been raised a thousand a year. New York orders." Rogers' delight was distinctly visible to the naked eye. It was not alone the increase; but the superintendent had tried to make a good impression on the master's son and had succeeded. Success cheers because it is the most insidious form of flattery—self-flattery.

"Well, I am glad of it, Rogers," laughed Sam. "You deserve it; but I am not guilty."

"It is very nice of you, Mr. Rock, and all I can say is——"

"I tell you I didn't do it. Such letters as I wrote to my father were entirely about personal matters."

"Well, it happened as soon as we got back," said Rogers in a pleasantly controversial tone. "Wages have been advanced ten per cent. all along the line." Rogers looked at Sam as though he expected fresh contradictions, which would be entirely useless, for he had told Sam how business was increasing and how the morale of the operating force was improving. "It is a stroke of genius on your father's part. You notice——" Rogers smiled a significant smile at the denying Sam—"You notice I say *your father*—to anticipate voluntarily what was bound to come in a few months, after a lot of meetings and resolutions and discontent and no gratitude when the raise did come. This will please the boys, and it advertises the road's prosperity. The boys all think they owe this to you. In fact, I've told them——"

"Then untell them," said Sam decisively.

"They'd still believe it was you, no matter what I said to the contrary," said Rogers—the men had learned that Rogers had suggested it to young Rock and young Rock to old Rock and old Rock to President Leigh—all because of Rogers, who knew the men would work better for him and thus it would help the Roanoke—and Rogers. "Your father wrote Leigh to make it appear it came from the Richmond office without instructions from New York. He wants results and not personal popularity. That's why we swear by him, even if he didn't begin as a brakeman," he finished enthusiastically. The $1000 a year increase in the Rogers income was conducive to hero-worship, but apart from that Sam himself could not help a feeling of admiration for his father. He shook hands with the hero-worshiper and sat down to read the Richmond papers which devoted some columns to the Roanoke's action.

It was not until three days afterward that Sam read in the same papers that there were "ugly mutterings of discontent" from the employees of the Virginia Central and the Great Southern roads, but particularly the Virginia Central. Also he read that Mr. W. P. Johnson, the well-known traffic manager of the famous Allegheny and Ohio River Railroad, had decided not to accept the general managership of the Virginia Central, an offer he had had under consideration for some months. Thus, the papers added—each curiously enough using the identical words of the others—had greatly disappointed the hopes of the more progressive element among the Central stockholders.

Darrell reached Richmond at noon, accompanied by Fletcher, who came to attend the annual meeting of the Austin Iron Company. Late that afternoon the little manager went to Darrell's room at the hotel—Sam's name not being on the hotel-register on account of the reporters. Fletcher's face was composed enough, but his eyes sparkled impressively. He addressed himself to Darrell:

"It happened exactly as I told you it would." Pausing a few seconds to allow that to sink in, he went on: "That closing down of No. 3 came at the psychological moment. I spoke freely to them and told them we had to raise money and probably buy our own cars. Colonel Robinson tried to get them to pledge themselves to raise a half-million by an issue of bonds, but, when Westlake asked him how much he would subscribe for, the Colonel said he'd take as big a slice as the next man.

(Continued on Page 32)

"I had Suspected Something of the Sort, Gentlemen"

# THE RISE OF HARRIMAN

## How He Makes Two Shares of Stock Grow Where One Grew Before

## By WILL PAYNE

MR. HARRIMAN got into railroading early in his career. He married the daughter of W. J. Averell, of Ogdensburg, New York. The Averells were people of substance and standing. Harriman's father-in-law was a banker, and president of the Ogdensburg and Lake Champlain Railroad, a line of 120 miles now absorbed in the New York Central. Mr. Harriman was elected a director of the road, and took some part, though by no means a prominent one, in its subsequent reorganization. On the board with him were Stuyvesant Fish, who was then also serving his novitiate at railroading, and H. R. Douval, a trustee of the Mutual Life Insurance Company.

Along in the seventies there was a little line of thirty-five miles, known as the Sodus Point Railroad, running from Lake Ontario down through Canandaigua. It was sold under foreclosure in September, 1875. The entire funded debt was less than a million dollars. Harriman thought something might be done with it, and by the backing of his Ogdensburg and Lake Champlain associates got control of it. He sold it out to the Northern Central, which now belongs to the Pennsylvania. This was the first railroad deal of which he was the guiding genius, and it was profitable.

Even in these small beginnings two things marked the man, and they largely account for his success. He was a money-maker. The people who went in with him came out with a profit. And he had an extraordinary ability to borrow money. A banker ventures the assertion that Harriman has, from the start, been the most skillful borrower known to the Street. He has always been active in forming good connections with big lenders. The life-insurance companies were early acquainted with him. As finance is mostly the art of borrowing money, this gift is obviously advantageous in a peculiar degree.

Probably it was this financial facility which really got him into the Illinois Central directory in 1883. He was elected at the instance of Stuyvesant Fish, his old associate of the Ogdensburg and Lake Champlain. The connection between the two men, however, dates back at least to the days when Harriman was a floor trader on the Stock Exchange.

### His Meeting with Fish

AS IN Harriman's case, Fish was early acquainted with Wall Street, but on a rather different footing. Mr. Harriman, as said in a previous article, entered the Street in his teens, as a clerk for a broker—Joseph Marriat. It is said he proposed to enter Columbia, but the family was not rich. His father, the clergyman, took a position as clerk in the Bank of Commerce, where he remained a number of years. Coming of a wealthy and distinguished family, Fish was taken into the old house of Morton, Bliss & Co., then a very big and influential concern. Mr. Fish proposed to take up railroading; but for a time—about 1875 as nearly as I can fix the date—he represented Morton, Bliss & Co. on the floor of the Exchange. Then, when a floor broker went to luncheon he would hand his card—the list of his orders—to a fellow-broker, and ask the latter to keep watch of the market and execute such of the orders as possible while he frugally replenished the inner man. Old-timers say that young Fish got to handing his card pretty regularly at noon to young Harriman—for all accounts agree that Harriman was a tiptop trader. Very often Fish, representing a big house, would have more orders than he could execute, and would parcel them out among other traders. Harriman's skill brought him many of those orders.

Harriman's association with Fish, extending over thirty years, seems, like most of his associations, to have been a business affair, based on profit—on Harriman's ability to make money for those who went with him. An associate who admires him very much as a business man, and defends him stoutly even in such cases as the Union Pacific dividend and the decapitation of Fish, said to me: "It is true, he has few friends. Probably half a dozen men really know him personally. He is not an amiable man. But he has ability enough to make up for it."

Fish, on the contrary, has many friends, and is genial; yet his business association with Harriman has been more extensive than that of any one else. Living in England as the representative of Morton, Bliss & Co., Fish became personally acquainted with many leading English stockholders of Illinois Central. Three-quarters of the stock was held abroad at that time. It was undoubtedly on account of Fish's personal quality that these stockholders gave him their proxies and made him, first a director in 1877, then second vice-president in 1883, vice-president a year later and president in 1887.

Stuyvesant Fish

Becoming a director in 1883, Mr. Harriman has been on the board ever since, with the exception of two months in 1887. He was elected vice-president in September, 1887, and held the office nearly three years. He never had much to do with the operating department, and it is a fact that his conduct of the finance department, as vice-president, was criticised. In 1890 he was succeeded by the late John C. Welling. If he had not become a great figure since, I do not think any one would ever have heard that the remarkable expansion of Illinois Central since 1890 was due to him. I do not find that any one heard it at the time.

His connection with Illinois Central was, however, a liberal education in railroading, preparing him for the rôle he played in Union Pacific. It is true, also, that he was quick to see the immense possibilities of Union Pacific as it emerged from the reorganization, and used all his skill and audacity to make the most of them. It was some little time before he gained the mastery. Immediately after the reorganization Union Pacific was a Kuhn-Loeb proposition.

### The Union Pacific Operation

THE house of Kuhn, Loeb & Co. accords with an eminent banking tradition by relating back to Frankfort-on-Main. It was founded about forty years ago, and during all its earlier history it occupied a modest but highly-respected place among the foreign exchange and finance concerns of the Street. It was Schiff mainly who raised it to its present place beside Morgan & Co.—or, at the moment, a neck ahead.

Jacob H. Schiff was born in Frankfort fifty-nine years ago, of the Jewish aristocracy of that city, which used to console itself by regarding the Rothschilds as mere upstarts. He was well educated and came to New York when nineteen to be a financier. In 1875 he married Miss Teresa Loeb. By inheritance and ability he became head of the house. He has the fine blend of caution and daring that go to the making of a great banker. He is a rather scholarly man, also; believes he has some duties to the public and undoubtedly tries to fulfill them. He makes speeches on public questions occasionally, and even, upon occasion, writes a letter to the press. He talks interestingly, too. Altogether he gives rather more evidence of being a fellow-citizen than most of the men in his trade do.

Schiff was the genius of Union Pacific reorganization, blazing the way for Harriman. A prime reason for throwing the road into bankruptcy was to force a settlement with the Government. Even in the year the receivers were appointed Union Pacific proper earned the interest on its bonds. But the Government wouldn't settle. Half a dozen successive Congresses threw out refunding bills designed to extend the debt for a long term of years at low interest. That was why Morgan gave up the job in disgust. The stocks and bonds were owned everywhere—in Holland, Germany, England and this country The Vanderbilts were decidedly interested in the property, not so much because they owned securities as on account of the road's important traffic arrangements with Chicago and Northwestern. Gould had a lively interest of something the same sort. But after Morgan's withdrawal there was no rallying point.

In the summer of 1895, in fact, Union Pacific was a stray dog. But plenty of fanciers had their eyes on it. The stock had sold for $4.50 a share. True, the road was insolvent and the stock was all water; yet Union Pacific was a great property, with great possibilities. Mr. Schiff thought so, and the upshot of the secret meetings and dickerings of the summer was that he took the stray into his house. With him on the new reorganization committee were General Louis Fitzgerald, who had been associated with Gould; Chauncey M. Depew and Marvin Hughitt for the Vanderbilts; T. Jefferson Coolidge and Oliver Ames, of Boston, for the New England investors. Winslow S. Pierce, the Gould lawyer, was general counsel.

### A Debt of Fifty-three Millions

THE road then owed the Government, on the main line and the Kansas division, fifty-three million dollars, roughly, after deducting the amount in the sinking fund This was secured by second mortgage. In January, 1897, after a long and futile effort to get a refunding bill through Congress, Mr. Schiff agreed with Attorney-General Harmon to guarantee that, at foreclosure, the Government should receive a minimum bid of $45,754,000 cash; but the sinking fund of seventeen millions in Government bonds and cash went to the bidder, leaving $28,700,000 net to be paid. It was figured that this, together with payments in cash and transportation already made, would give the Government the face of its subsidy bond and about half the interest it had paid on those bonds during thirty years.

The suit to foreclose proceeded and a decree of sale was entered. Meanwhile, in March, 1897, President McKinley and his cabinet took office; also times began to improve and railroad properties generally to look more valuable. I suppose it would not be in human nature, in any event, for a Republican Administration to overlook a fair chance of showing that it could beat a Democratic Administration. Attorney-General John W. Griggs, Secretary of the Treasury Lyman J. Gage and the President began to take notice of the Union Pacific claim. The Attorney-General found fault with the decree of sale. It did not, in his opinion, safeguard the interest of the Government as it should. He prepared to appeal, which would mean a long delay. Mr. Schiff came forward and increased the bid of his committee to fifty millions. This was in October, 1897. The sale was set for November 1.

For a few days the sky seemed clear. But reports began to arrive of an English syndicate, headed by the strong firm of Coats, Son & Co., that would like to bid for U. P. if given more time. These reports never assumed an exactly tangible form. However, on October 25, Attorney-General Griggs announced that he would apply for a postponement of the sale. Mr. Schiff hastened to Washington for a talk with the President and Attorney-General.

His position at that time was not altogether pleasant. Three years had elapsed since his committee undertook the reorganization of Union Pacific. It had already raised about fifteen millions cash for the task—to buy undeposited bonds and the like. It had arranged to buy Oregon Short Line—once owned by U. P., but disjointed from it under the receivership—and entered into many other important undertakings. Moreover, Mr. Schiff had organized a second syndicate which was to raise the millions in cash needed to pay the Government's claim. Everything hinged on the sale taking place November 1. Delay might bring many and very annoying complications.

Mr. Schiff was cut up, and said so explicitly. He told the President and Attorney-General that the Government had made a contract with him and was going back on it and holding him up. They asked him to produce the contract. He had to reply that it was a verbal agreement with the preceding Administration, never reduced to writing, the agreement being that in consideration of the committee's guaranteed bid of forty-five millions—later raised to fifty—the Government would not block foreclosure. Attorney-General Griggs took this under advisement—for a minute—and decided that as a matter of law no such verbal

understanding was binding upon his Administration. He proposed to go ahead with his application for a postponement.

Mr. Schiff rose to the emergency. He declared he would not consent to a postponement; but he would pay the Government's claim against the main line of Union Pacific, principal and interest, dollar for dollar, in cash. The Administration, naturally, was satisfied; and the Schiff syndicate so paid the claim. The amount was over fifty-eight millions, but the sinking fund amounted to about eighteen millions, leaving the net amount to be paid somewhat over forty millions—against about twenty-eight millions as first proposed.

And I believe it may be truthfully said that in the thirty-five years that had elapsed since Congress granted the original charter this was the first time the Government had done anything with U. P. in which it had not got the short end of the stick. This settlement did not include the claim of about twelve millions against the Kansas division, as had been contemplated by the committee's first offer of fifty-five millions gross. That division was in poor condition. Government engineers examined it and finally recommended accepting about half the claim.

The Government being fully satisfied as to the main line claim, a court official and a knot of interested persons gathered in front of an old freight house in Omaha on November 1, and the Union Pacific Railroad was offered for sale. General Fitzgerald of the committee was the only gentleman with enough change to bid, and to him the road was knocked down. The reorganization was completed.

To carry it out Mr. Schiff and his associates raised nearly sixty million dollars—the huge amount of cash involved making it memorable among railroad organizations. But a result of this was that the reorganizers got a proportionately great amount of the securities of the new company. The syndicate that raised the forty millions odd to pay the Government's claim received, for each thousand dollars contributed, one thousand dollars in new first mortgage bonds (now worth a little more than par) and five hundred dollars in new preferred stock. The first syndicate received outright for its services six million dollars of preferred stock. The old bonds were converted into new bonds, with liberal bonuses of preferred stock—fifty per cent. in the case of prior liens—while the old sinking fund eight per cents. got 75 per cent. in new bonds and 100 per cent. in preferred stock. In fact, nearly the whole seventy-five millions of new preferred stock that was issued in reorganization was given as a bonus in one way or another, while the sixty-one millions of new common stock was exchanged at par for the old common stock, which had only a theoretical value at the time and had sold as low as $4.50 a share. And this new common and preferred stock, thus easily obtained, are now worth about one hundred and seventy-five million dollars in the market. Hence the profits.

### Where Harriman Came In

MR. HARRIMAN was awake to the possibilities. He had little to do with the beginning of the reorganization; but he came in as member of the syndicates, and his peculiar talents on account of his railroad experience with Illinois Central, and as a financier with a special gift for borrowing, and as an expert on the Stock Exchange, made him increasingly valuable.

On November 22, 1897, the committee gave its check on the National City Bank for $13,645,250 in favor of the Government (being an installment of the settlement), and at the same time it appointed an advisory committee to operate the road that it had just bought in at the foreclosure sale. This committee consisted of Winslow S. Pierce (the Gould lawyer), James Stillman (president of the City Bank and Rockefeller's representative), Marvin Hughitt (for the Vanderbilt interests), E. H. Harriman, and Otto H. Kuhn, of Kuhn, Loeb & Co. When the new company took over the road some two months later, Harriman was the second member of the executive committee, and by the end of that fiscal year (June 30, 1898) he was chairman of the executive committee. From that time on whatever has been done in Union Pacific is fairly his work. He has taken the initiative in all the important moves, and the great property has come more and more completely under the sway of his single will.

This is not by any means because he owns enough stock to vote control, or anywhere near it; Mr. Harriman runs Union Pacific because his policies have brought great profit to his associates. With his big success he has grown more than ever abrupt and brusque even to his financial equals. They shrug their shoulders and look at the profits he has made for them.

Of course, he did not at once reach an autocratic stature. This is shown by the Alton deal. The Chicago and Alton was a good, old-fashioned road, with twenty-two millions of capital stock on which it had regularly paid dividends of seven and eight per cent. for about twenty years. President T. B. Blackstone and his connections owned a third of the stock. Most of the remainder was owned by substantial citizens of Chicago and St. Louis—Marshall Field; A. A. Sprague, the wholesale grocer; A. C. Bartlett, a wholesale hardware merchant, the Mitchell family, including John J., president of the Illinois Trust and Savings Bank, his father, and his uncle of St. Louis. Keeping up dividends during hard times, the road had fallen into poor physical condition. Railroad consolidations were already beginning. President Blackstone was aging and in bad health. Leading stockholders grew uneasy over the position of the property, and commissioned John J. Mitchell to go down to Wall Street and see what he could do with it, in the fall of 1898.

### The Sale of the Alton

MR. MITCHELL went to Harriman—who would now, figuratively speaking, bite off the Alton's eight hundred miles before breakfast and think nothing of it. But the Harriman of eight years ago was not so sure of his digestive capacity. He sent Mr. Mitchell to Stillman, Gould and Schiff. The four, after a good many negotiations, formed a syndicate under Mr. Harriman's management, which in February, 1899, bought up the twenty-two millions of Alton stock, paying forty millions, in round figures, for it.

Here Harriman displayed his financiering skill. He first used the same device that had been employed in raising the forty millions to pay the Government claim against Union Pacific—that is, subscribers to the syndicate received a "purchase-money certificate" for each thousand dollars paid in, and these certificates were at once available as collateral. A man could take them to the bank and borrow about eighty per cent. of the face, avoiding the tying-up of a large amount of his own capital. He then formed a new company—the Chicago and Alton Railway—which leased the Chicago and Alton Railroad. The new company issued twenty-two millions of three and a half per cent. bonds, twenty millions of common stock and twenty millions of preferred stock. It used these securities to purchase from the syndicate the twenty-two millions of stock of the old company and fifty-seven miles of new road. Also, the old company issued thirty-two millions of three per cent. bonds, which it sold to the syndicate at the rate of six hundred and fifty dollars for each thousand-dollar bond, or sixty-five cents on the dollar. Thus the bonds produced $20,800,000 in money. This money the old company used as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| To pay off bonds previously issued | $10,350,000 |
| For new equipment, improvements and betterments | 3,773,000 |
| For funding part of expenditures on capital account previously paid out of profits | 6,669,180 |
| | $20,792,180 |

The last item means that surplus earnings of the company, previously put into permanent improvements, were now to be paid to the stockholders. Accordingly, the old company at once declared an extra cash dividend of thirty per cent., amounting to $6,669,180; and this went to the syndicate as the owner of the old company's capital stock, so the thirty-two millions of new three per cent. bonds cost the syndicate, net, fifteen million dollars in round figures.

The result of these rather astonishing manipulations was that the syndicate members received, for each hundred thousand dollars paid in, the following:

| | |
|---|---|
| New three per cent. bonds | $87,500 |
| New three and a half per cent. bonds | 50,000 |
| New preferred stock | 10,000 |
| New common stock | 25,000 |
| Cash | 1,500 |

And if they chose they would be able, by selling out the bonds and some of the preferred stock, to get back about all the money they paid in and still keep control of the road through the voting power of the common stock. This is good financing and the feat decidedly increased Mr. Harriman's prestige. Incidentally, the total outstanding capitalization of the road was increased by sixty million dollars, while the length of the line was increased by fifty-seven miles.

It may be noted in passing that very flattering reports as to dividends on the new common stock were presently in circulation, and a good many people bought it. When a couple of annual reports had shown that hopes of a dividend must be long deferred the price declined. It appeared that so many of the syndicate members had sold out that control was "in the Street." However, about two years ago Harriman and the Moores bought enough to give them, jointly, control, their combined holdings amounting to twenty-nine millions (face), of which Rock Island has nineteen and Union Pacific ten.

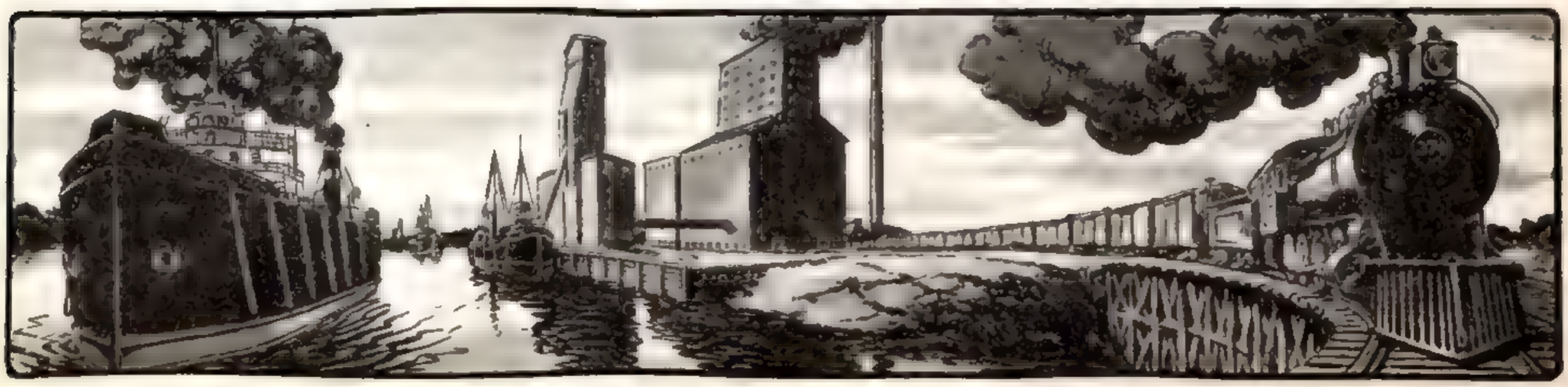
### Getting an Outlet on the Pacific

WHILE the Alton deal was going on Mr. Harriman was by no means neglecting Union Pacific. In January, 1899, the company issued twenty-six millions of new common stock, which was exchanged for the stock of the Oregon Short Line Railroad, which in turn owned the Oregon Railroad and Navigation Company, the combined lines extending from near Oregon to Portland, Spokane and Butte. This insured Union Pacific its connections to the northwestern coast; but there still remained the important matter of the connection to San Francisco over Central Pacific, and here, for a time, Mr. Harriman was baffled.

Of the "Big Four"—Huntington, Stanford, Croker and Hopkins—who built Central Pacific, Huntington was really the railroad man. Beginning with Central Pacific he had bought up or built all the lines in California, then pieced together a connecting system to New Orleans and the Gulf. The whole great property of nearly nine thousand miles was held and operated by the Southern Pacific Company. Huntington was extremely jealous of California, which he regarded as his particular vineyard, and exploited commercially and politically in a baronial manner that is still of odorous memory.

He was a burly man—a Yankee who had peddled clocks in his youth and had set up a store in a tent in Sacramento in 1850. Later he usually traveled in two special cars. He was now in easy enough position financially, although in the panic of 1893 he came so near going broke that it took a pool of strong banks to pull him through. He owned enough of Southern Pacific stock to dominate the

(Concluded on Page 20)



# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

421 TO 427 ARCH STREET

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 22, 1906


## Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ The patient man always catches some train.

¶ A dollar in the vault is worth two in the stock-market.

¶ In the average American family it is an even guess as to where the dust is deeper, on the piano or on the big Bible.

## One Way of Smashing a Trust

MANY point with envy, and some with pride, to the corpse of the British Soap Trust. This short-lived octopus was made in quite the American fashion. The ten largest concerns in that line combined. The combination reduced the weight of its packages, cornered raw materials, squeezed its weaker rivals, and adjusted the come-alongs on the retailers with a neatness and dispatch which showed that it had carefully studied the best models on this side of the water. And then public opinion slew it—just public opinion. There were no indictments, injunctions or other governmental proceedings. But the press said it was a robber. Some papers gratuitously advertised rival brands. The public was aroused. Sales of trust soap dropped alarmingly. The octopus, abashed and trembling in the face of popular indignation, voluntarily gave up the ghost.

This certainly is simpler and far less expensive than the American method, and it has been quite extensively used to support the allegation that people on this side are not really in earnest about the trusts. They clamor against them, but it has been demonstrated over and over again—to the lasting grief of the demonstrators—that they will keep right on buying trust products if those products are cheaper or more attractively offered.

But that "they do it better abroad" is hardly proven by the soap case. The trust's body may lie mouldering in the ground, but we fear its soul goes marching on. We should like to see the returns of the soap trade a year or so hence. And there may be some doubts as to the joys of having a public opinion which will just simply sit down on a soap combine and smash it out of hand. Public opinion in England is a rather awful thing. There are many on this side who would prefer to live with an article that has a little more elasticity in its composition, even if you can't smash a trust with it. In any event, it can no more be imported than the King and the House of Lords can be. And we firmly believe that the United States is going to work out a satisfactory method of her own for dealing with the trusts.

## The Lakes-to-Gulf Line Again

THE project of a waterway from the Great Lakes to the Gulf has gathered such force that Congress is pretty sure to give it serious consideration before long. Engineers say it is quite feasible, and a recent convention at St. Louis developed much enthusiasm for it. Almost anywhere in this country a feasible plan to put a check on railroad rates by creating a permanently independent and competitive transportation agency would be certain to receive a large and enthusiastic popular backing.

But it is not so certain that the Lakes-to-Gulf route would be as popular after it was built as before. Water is slow, and, as a people, we grow less and less able to endure slowness. Traffic managers testify to the constant pressure put upon them by shippers to speed up their freight trains; while in the passenger service the ideal is to move so fast that you arrive before you set out. In many cases speed is mere waste; but even when it is economically wrong we are not happy unless we get it. The continual effort is to make the whole commercial equipment turn so rapidly that it will present the general appearance of a squirrel in a wire cage. This is the reason so many waterways have fallen into disuse or greatly declined in importance. The signal exception of the Great Lakes is accounted for by the circumstance that they lie in the way of an immense tonnage of bulk freight.

Personally, we should like to see the Lakes-to-Gulf route created and a largely-increased travel by canal-boats—chiefly because it might help to induce such a state of nerves that one would no longer suffer untold agony when the telephone connection with the man he formerly walked six blocks to speak to is a half-minute late.

## The Overburdened Railroads

JAMES J. HILL thinks the railroads should have at once a hundred thousand miles more track, with additional cars and engines in proportion, to handle properly the immense business that is offered them. He doesn't see any chance of their getting it, and he considers the situation a menace to the expansion of trade.

In ten years railroad tonnage has increased 110 per cent., while miles of track have increased only 20 per cent. Prior to 1890 the roads were run mainly by railroad men, and the increase of mileage on the whole was rather more liberal than actually needed. The last ten years roads have been run mostly by financiers, and the first effect of their domination has been to stop the competitive extension of mileage. Last year only five thousand miles of new track were laid, against thirteen thousand in 1887. Congestion of traffic means liberal dividends and high prices for stocks. If it also means a handicap to commerce we do not see who is to blame for it except the directors.

Mr. Hill wants to know where, to-day, money could be found to build the additional mileage that is needed. His Great Northern stockholders might do something toward answering the question, for he has just distributed among them a "melon"—in the form of certificates of interest in the ore lands recently leased to the Steel Trust—which is estimated to be worth something over a hundred million dollars, or eighty per cent. on the capital stock. The stockholders already received seven per cent. in regular yearly dividends. If the need of new track and cars is so urgent, we should think the proceeds of the ore lease might very well have been applied to meeting it.

## The Case of Mr. Fairbanks

SOME wise political machinists say that Mr. Fairbanks is now sure of the solid support of the South in the next National Republican Convention, while in the North an experienced and numerous old guard of Federal office-holders is staunchly, if silently, rallying to his banner.

Mr. Fairbanks would make an ideal candidate, and he ought to be nominated—not by the Republican party, but by those who, behind whatever label, stick to the Tory traditions. People who want a candidate of this general description constitute, we believe, a really large and powerful body of citizens, and there is much justice in their complaint that the trend of politics is in the way of putting them out of the game. They liked Hughes, for example, almost as little as they liked Hearst; Roosevelt is as far from their ideal as Bryan. We should be glad to see them make Mr. Fairbanks their candidate. They are entitled to have somebody whom they can vote for, not half-heartedly, but with the full approval of their consciences. Especially, we hope they will exert themselves to abolish this bi-party scheme, with nominations in national conventions and gum-shoeing for delegates. They ought to know how to abolish it, for they operated powerfully in supporting it. At present it threatens to give them only a choice between two nominees who are equally obnoxious, and so practically to disfranchise them.

## Municipal Ownership's Handicap

DISSATISFACTION with the municipal steamers on the Thames played an important part in bringing about the defeat of the radicals in London last month. The steamers had no deck-houses, so passengers got wet in bad weather. True, the old boats which the municipal ones supplanted had no conveniences of any kind, to speak of; but those old boats were owned by a private company, from which naturally one could expect nothing, while for citizens to get soaked in boats which they themselves owned and operated was felt to be a peculiarly intolerable affliction. Moreover, the municipal trolley cars took business away from the boats and made them unprofitable. This, too, was a heavy count, although nobody, probably, wished either the boats or the trolleys discontinued. Very likely the defeat of the radicals was worth while—partly because it gives so soothing a joy to many good persons on that side, and those who have got very little pleasure otherwise out of recent political happenings. To see the public collectively fall short of success in any undertaking is always mysteriously agreeable to some people who are most lenient and sympathetic toward obvious failures of private enterprise. Imagine, for instance, the outcry that would follow if a publicly-owned electric train were shunted into the water, drowning scores of passengers. When private enterprise does it we take it rather as a matter of course.

## Profit in Public Works

THE Census Bureau has issued a statement of public indebtedness in the United States that ought to be interesting to political students. It embraces the funded debt of the nation, the States, Territories, counties, cities and villages. The grand total, from 1870 to 1902, decreased by more than four hundred millions, or from $82.90 per capita to $35.49 per capita. People who object to Governmental enterprises should draw much consolation from the figures. In 1870, of course, the National Government had recently completed an enterprise of considerable magnitude—namely, the prosecution of the Civil War—which brought its indebtedness up to $79.44 per capita, while it is now only $11.77. But all other forms of public debt have increased, meanwhile, only $1.19 per capita, while wealth per capita has very largely increased. The net debt of the States and Territories has fallen from $9.15 per head in 1870 to $2.98 in 1902—strikingly indicating the way in which the functions of those political divisions have narrowed, relatively speaking, in a generation. States now undertake practically no public works. Only the cities show a decided expansion of activity. Their total debt increased, in the thirty-two years, by more than a billion dollars, and from $8.51 per capita to $18.24. Sixty per cent. of the increase was in the last twelve years, and over half of this again was in the single city of New York. In nine years that city's net debt has grown by more than three hundred millions; but last year alone the assessed valuation of real estate increased by five hundred millions. So far, in short, her colossal public works have been a profitable investment. Altogether, we really undertake very, very little in this country in the way of public works.

## Politics *vs.* Baseball

FROM the reports of a large number of experienced sociological students engaged in the vending of newspapers, the operation of passenger elevators and the collection of street-car fares we learn that the sum-total of human happiness in the Central West was very sensibly augmented, at the height of the Congressional campaign, by a series of events which every single convention, with an extraordinary unanimity of oversight, forgot even to refer to in the platform. These events turned solely upon the accuracy and vigor with which about a score of men hit a leather sphere with a wooden bat and the speed with which they ran from one base to another. The weather was not very good; money was up to six per cent.; every vital question of the hour was unsettled and burning; yet not merely in cities, but all over the Mississippi Valley, wherever there was a cigar store with telephonic facilities, might be observed groups of anxious men waiting to see whether both Chicago teams would get a pennant, or, when that extraordinary achievement was finally performed, giving themselves up to expansive joy.

It is sometimes urged that politics ought to be made as broadly and genially interesting as baseball or a horse-race. But the thing is not natural. Politics has to do mostly with questions of business and of oppression and those sad, artificial things that a man thinks of only when he is compelled to. He thinks of baseball because he likes to.

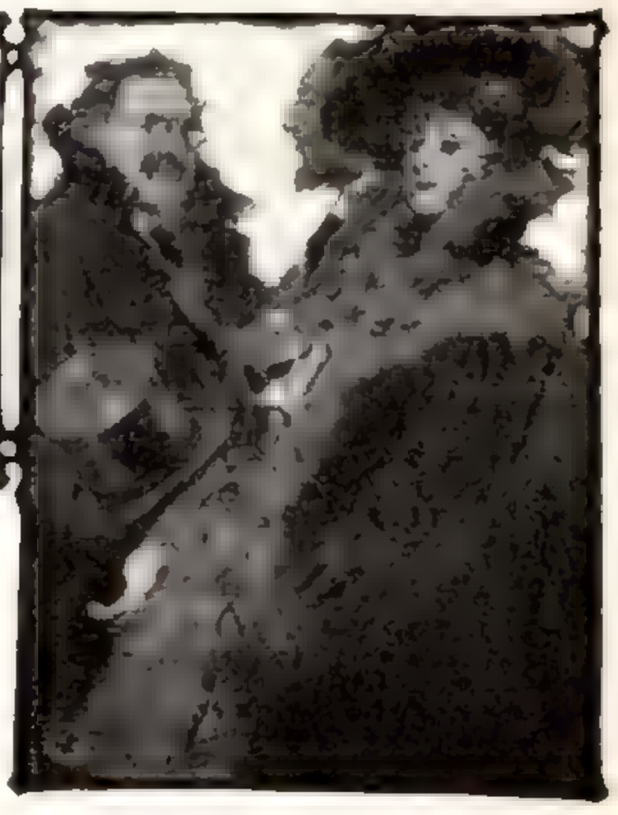
## The Insides of a Nugget

ACCORDING to prospectus and advertisements, the company had paid $200,000 cash for its rich mine; had been urged to sell for $400,000; offering of its capital stock had resulted in oversubscriptions by eager investors to the amount of 500,000 shares; a copper magnate was seeking to get control; various well-known men were interested. The chance of a lifetime was presented.

According to investigation by lugubrious stockholders, the company had no rich mine and had not paid $200,000 or any other considerable sum for it; had not been offered $400,000 or anything whatever; oversubscriptions to capital stock, prominent directors and negotiations with copper magnate were mere figments of promoter's florid imagination; assets worth about half the price of a ticket home; chance of a lifetime—for the promoter, who had cheerfully embraced and conveyed it to parts unknown.

This is simply a little story of real life in these good times when nearly everybody has money, and many cannot be convinced that gentlemen having mining stock that is sure to double in value next month would not pay large sums to the newspapers to find people to take it off their hands—that is, many cannot be convinced except by experience.

# THE SENATOR'S SECRETARY



WHEN you put the soulscope on him a Senator isn't much different from anybody else, except that he has a better job than most people. Senators like to cut melons, the same as all the rest of us, and they are tickled over the announcement by Secretary Shaw that there is already a surplus of fifteen millions for this fiscal year and that it is getting bigger and healthier every minute.

You'd think there was a Constitutional provision forbidding the country to get ahead any. It seems to be a high crime and misdemeanor for the Republic to have a few cents in the drawer that are not mortgaged ahead, and the Senators intend to wash out the guilty stain by appropriating as many extra millions as they can before they have to quit business next March.

The way these statesmen talk about money makes me dizzy. They consider a million but a handful of loose change, and a billion isn't more than a good-sized roll with a few yellow bills on the outside. Still, it isn't their own money they discuss in this free and careless way. When it comes to their own money they caress a nickel so fondly you would think they were society leaders making love to black Pomeranian pups.

Uncle Joe Cannon had some spasms of economy last session that were worth going miles to see. He started in on the theory that he wouldn't allow the House to make any appropriations at all, and then loosened up gradually until he provided for about a billion of the available resources, but he cut off another billion that aspiring statesmen had in mind for the good of their districts and to help along their renominations and reëlections. One of the schemes Uncle Joe would not allow was the ship subsidy. The Senate passed the bill and sent it over to the House. Then, at the direction of the Speaker, Charles Henry Grosvenor, in his capacity as chairman of the Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries—he coming from Athens, Ohio, and having fished once or twice in the creek there, to say nothing of being entirely familiar with the needs of the great argosies that float on the Walhonding Canal, length six miles—sat on the bill and crushed it to pulp.

Now the coast-line fellows see visions of the subsidy and they are talking of supporting a River and Harbor Bill for it—the real tenderloin of all the pork that is distributed. They will fix it up to get the surplus all right, and they will get it for themselves no matter how vigorously the President asks for battleships that shall be bigger than anybody's. As they look at it there are better uses for money belonging to the Government than to have it lose weight from attrition by being constantly hustled across to New York to help the Wall Street sharps out of the hole they have made the Treasury think they fall into every time anybody sticks his head up above the curb and yells: "Financial stringency!"

### The Great Stuffed Prophet of Evil

THE greatest obstacle to this melon-cutting will be Senator Hale, of Maine. He is for a ship subsidy, but he is opposed to giving anything in trade for it. In Hale's opinion anything he asks for the State of Maine was guaranteed by the Fathers who made the Republic. He has periods when he sees nothing ahead but darkness and despair. There are moments when he is certain the country has given a gasping, gurgling cry and gone down for the third and last time. It is worth while to loaf around the Senate galleries in the hope that Mr. Hale will rise in his seat and warn his colleagues they are going too fast.

He gets up and looks around solemnly. The Senators settle back in their chairs. They know what is coming and they feel guilty, too, for Hale talks to them like a father talks to his son whom he has warned not to go swimming when that son turns up with his hair wet and his shirt on wrong side out. He taps on his chest with his eyeglasses and speaks in a low, dispassionate voice, as if he hated to do it, but really had to, because he is the only one who can see what is on the way. There never is a ray of hope when Hale is talking. The people in the galleries get nervous and wonder if they can get mourning bands for their sleeves from the doorkeepers. He sees war twice a session and internal dissensions about four times. Foreign complications flash across his vision once every six weeks. He is the Senate semaphore, and he always has the block closed.

### Bacon in the Rôle of Harbinger

SENATOR BACON tries to do the same trick on the Democratic side, but Bacon is only a journeyman. He isn't a licensed undertaker. The trouble with Bacon is that he has too many words for his thoughts. Hale can wet every eye in a ten-minute discourse when he is good and gloomy, while Bacon can't say "Good-morning!" in less than a page of the Record. When Bacon gets under way he wades out into a morass of language and slowly sinks from view. It is a long and painful dissolution. Each time he is engulfed by his participles and infinitives, his complex sentences and his howevers and nevertheleses and on the other hands.

Still, Bacon isn't always a harbinger of woe. He is an all-around harbinger, and harbings on any subject that is uppermost. He strolled jauntily into the Senate a few days ago and raised an impressive forefinger during a lull in the discussion. Then he said: "Mr. President," and was off, and no human power could succor him. He talked in rings, in rectangles, rhombuses and rhomboids, up and down, across and through. He wound himself up in the thread of his argument and never did get unwound. He crisscrossed and catercornered, balanced his partners, allemanded left, swung to the centre and back again for an hour, and then, with his bald spot gleaming under the stained-glass ceiling of the chamber like the dome of the Congressional Library in the setting sun, he concluded by saying: "Of course, I am not very familiar with this discussion and do not know what phase of it has been under consideration, nor do I know what measure it appertains to, and I, therefore, leave it to those who are more familiar with it than I am."

Those are the times when numerous Senators can be seen hurrying through the corridors with their right hands pressed against their fevered brows. One man who always sits and watches Bacon when he is in action is Senator Dryden, of New Jersey. Dryden works harder at being Senator than any man in the body, except William A. Clark, of Montana. It causes Dryden great mental anguish to make a speech, but he heroically makes one now and then. From his expression, Dryden is continually wondering, when Bacon is speaking, where Bacon found so many words. Words are precious things with Dryden. He evolves them with difficulty and distress. It always seems when he gets up as if he intended to start: "Yours received and contents noted. In reply, would say——"

Dryden works all the time. His opponents had a sleuth or two over here during the last campaign looking up his record. They got it into their minds that he was just a rich Senator, but when they came to look into things they found he was always there, voting on everything and always voting with the party. Clark, too, is so anxious to work that he opens all his own mail and answers all his letters personally. He has a lot of secretaries, but he only uses them for ornaments, which, by the way, isn't a universal habit among statesmen.

Clark is going out next March, but another mining king is coming in. The Senators are interested in Guggenheim, the Colorado millionaire who has decided to be a statesman. He isn't as rich as Clark, either, but then, that doesn't mean anything. Guggenheim can afford to rent a furnished house in Washington, and that gives an adequate conception of his resources. In all the conversation I have heard about the Colorado man, he has been classed with Wetmore and the others who, because they are rich, are rounding out careers in nice, comfortable Senatorships.

They are interested, too, in Jeff Davis, who is coming from Arkansas to show Senator Tillman what it means to be wild and wool-hatty. Davis has announced he intends to stir up things. The Senate is waiting with ill-concealed impatience for him to begin stirring. He won't be sworn in until March 4, next, but after that he can go as far as he likes—once. Then the Senatorial machine will roll over him, leaving him neatly and expeditiously flattened without a peep left in him. I hear the Senators talk about these things, and they are jealous of the reputation of their body. They love to refer to it as the "greatest legislative forum in the world," and they will tame Davis so he will eat out of their hands before they get through with him. Under their rules any Senator can talk as long as he wants to on any subject, but there are limits to what he can say, and I hope I will be around when Davis begins his first exhibition, to see somebody put ice on his head, to say nothing of slipping a good-sized chunk down his back.

### Too Much British Dignity

THERE were a lot of those grave nods that mean "I expected it" when it was announced at the first meeting of the Committee on Foreign Relations that Sir Mortimer Durand, the British Ambassador, is to leave his post here; not that the Committee on Foreign Relations has anything to do with the British Ambassador, but because all the members of the committee have heard the reason. Sir Mortimer is a big, ruddy Englishman who hasn't made a hit. The truth of it is, Sir Mortimer is a good bit of a bore, although it wouldn't be polite for anybody to say so officially. As English as Piccadilly Circus, he never fitted into the game in Washington.

The official relations of an Ambassador are with the State Department and with the President. Little Speck von Sternberg, from Germany, used to know the President when they were both in minor positions here. He is almost as familiar a figure at the White House as Loeb. Sir Mortimer comes in, from time to time, in heavy marching order, with all his regalia on, and the President always has a chill. The President is scrupulously polite—and he can be the politest man in the world—but that is all there is to it. Sir Mortimer gets on the President's nerves. Everybody here has known it, except Sir Mortimer. After a time it percolated into the British Foreign Office that, while this country is delighted to honor the personal representative of the King, there is nothing about his honors not strictly according to the rules and conventions. Ambassador Jusserand, from France, adaptable as wet plaster of Paris, plays tennis with the President, and Von Sternberg rides with him, but Sir Mortimer cannot be

anything but excessively English, which depresses. He thinks he has a cue to get around occasionally to speak ponderously of the relations between the two countries, which are not so vital a subject for conversation as may be imagined. That is good diplomatic usage, no doubt, but it isn't the new American kind. So Sir Mortimer is going back home, not in disgrace or because of any hint the President may have dropped, but because he doesn't fit, and Von Sternberg and Jusserand will stay right here while England ransacks her diplomatic corps for a lusty young fellow who can ride and play tennis and doesn't carry his dignity around with him all the time.

They might elect Sir Mortimer a member of the Lame Duck Association. When it comes to men who are going back home, this Congress has a record that makes it seem like a collection of home-week pilgrims. The intelligent proletariat got after some of the barnacled statesmen in the lower House, and when it was through with them they had nothing to feel good over save that they will be referred to hereafter in the local papers as the "Hon."

General Grosvenor got his beating in convention last summer, so he has had an opportunity to get over his limp a trifle, but he was there commiserating with some of the others who have been statesmen so long they thought they had the job for life. Babcock, of Wisconsin, was there, and Wadsworth, of New York, Lacey, of Iowa, and McCleary, of Minnesota. Of all these statesmen the only one who had any qualms before election was Babcock. He knew LaFollette was camping on his trail. Lacey and McCleary and Wadsworth were fixtures, but the voters took the screws out.

I hear the Senators talk about the parlous political times in which we are living. They seem to think the old party spirit is gone and that in its place there is a movement to vote on independent lines. The thought of this makes most of them purple in the face. The idea that a voter should have any guiding principle except that in his party platform and to follow his leaders is beyond the comprehension of most of them. They sit around and ask one another what may become of them if this pernicious practice spreads.

"In my opinion," said my Senator, "the old parties are between the devil and the deep sea," but he wouldn't specify whom he meant by devil or just what it is the deep sea represents.

# SENSE & NONSENSE

### When the March Term Comes

LEWIS NIXON, the shipbuilder and former head of Tammany Hall, was born in Leesburg, Virginia, where the great municipal event is the March term of court. At that time the farmers come in from miles around and the place seems really populated.

One of Nixon's former townsmen came to New York to visit him, and Nixon was glad to see him. As a part of the entertainment Nixon gave the Leesburg man a ride around New York in an automobile.

The Virginia man looked at the great crowds of people with popping eyes. Finally they reached the junction of Twenty-third Street, Fifth Avenue and Broadway, and he could restrain himself no longer.

"Say, Lewis," he asked, "what's going on in town to-day?"

"Why," replied Nixon, "nothing particular."

"Gee!" exclaimed the Virginian, "if there's all these people here with nothing doing what a crowd there must be during the March term of court!"

### When the Band Tries to Count

THE Marine Band, which is stationed at Washington and is the pride of the corps, is largely composed of German and Italian musicians who are high-grade men attracted by the emoluments of the band and the glitter of the service.

The band is one of the best in the country and its members are proud of its reputation. There is some jealousy between the Germans and the Italians that found voice a few days ago as the band was waiting to play at a White House function.

"It is too bad," said a German clarionet player, "that there is so many Italians in the band. They are crowding us Germans out."

"Yes," replied the tuba player, "it is too bad."

"It has come to such a pass," continued the clarionet, "that there is now ninety-five per cent. of Italians in the band."

"How can that be," asked the kettle-drummer, himself a German, "when there is only seventy-five men in the band?"

### Began at the Hind End

"DAVE" LANE is a Pennsylvania politician who had great influence in the Legislature.

One day a henchman of his rose in his place in the Assembly and attacked a bill most viciously. He held it up as the most reprehensible measure ever presented to the body for action. He tore it to tatters.

Just as he was reaching his peroration, Lane strolled into the Assembly chamber. He listened for a minute, and then walked down the aisle in which the statesman was speaking.

"That's my bill!" Lane hissed, as he passed the speaker.

That clever person did not pause. He finished his peroration. Then he exclaimed dramatically: "These, gentlemen of the Legislature, are the arguments the opponents of this measure will bring against this meritorious enactment. These are the miserable subterfuges to which they will stoop to defeat this measure. These are the erroneous reasons with which they will try to win support against this measure. Having thus referred to them, I shall now proceed to show you how utterly untenable and fallacious they are."

And he did!

### The Kiss He Liked

Her eyes are like the —— I don't know!
Her eyes are very bright.
Her teeth are like the —— Let it go!
Her teeth are very white.

Her hair is yellow as —— Right now
No figure comes to mind.
Her nose is pretty as —— I vow,
As pretty as you'll find.

Her laugh is like the —— Yesterday
I had a figure pat.
But best of all, her kiss is —— Say,
There's nothing just like that!

—*G. D. Whistler.*

### Twentieth Century Proverbs

To a thin young lady at the seashore: Wade—and be found wanting.

At the boarding-house: None but the brave can stand the fare.

Food for the nightmare: Wild oats.

### President ob What?

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT likes to leave the White House at times and make informal calls on his friends. One night last winter he strolled up to Attorney-General Moody's house and rang the bell.

The negro butler came to the door. He peered out suspiciously and asked: "What you-all want?"

"I should like to see Mr. Moody."

"Mr. Moody ain't in to nobody."

"Oh, I guess he will see me. Tell him the President is here."

"The President?" said the butler suspiciously.

"Yes, the President."

The butler pulled the door almost shut. He looked at Mr. Roosevelt's slouch hat with disdainful eye and inquired scornfully: "President ob what?"

## The Holy Night

*By Theodore J. Grayson*

This is that Holy Night, by seers foretold,
That fell on Bethlehem long years ago,
O'er which a solitary star hung low,
Bathing with limpid rays the humble place
Where earth first saw the glory of His face.

This is that Holy Night when shepherds blest
Beheld the firmament with glory shine
And heard the angel choir, with voice divine,
Sweep singing by, in whitest vestments drest,
To where He lay on Mary's tender breast.

This is that Holy Night the voices strong
Of long-unheeded prophets sounded clear—
Jehovah to the speeding earth drew near,
A world enchanted rolling swift along
Through blazing starfields echoing with song.

This is that Night of Nights when hill and vale
Were gently brushed by mighty unseen wings;
When, in the dewy hush the morning brings,
Men heard the mystic singing softly fail,
Men saw the glowing universe grow pale.

### J. P. as a Barber

"JAKE," said a seedy friend to Representative Ruppert, of New York, in the Willard Hotel at Washington a few days ago, "let me take two dollars, will you? I want to get shaved."

"Who shaves you?" asked Ruppert. "J. Pierpont Morgan?"

### Better Mixer than Speaker

WHEN Charles E. Hughes was campaigning in New York State he stopped one afternoon at Hornellsville, where the local committee had arranged for an outdoor speech from a platform near the station.

Mr. Hughes wanted to save his voice as much as possible and he decided he would talk there but ten minutes. So one of his managers went to the head of the local committee, Milo H. Acker, a Southern politician of some note, and said:

"Milo, Mr. Hughes can speak but ten minutes, but, after that, he will be glad to shake hands with the Hornellsville people and meet them personally." Hughes made his speech. Then Acker came forward, bursting with importance. "Now, good people," he said, "you have heard the next Governor of the State and I have been saving something to tell you. This is something new. He will be glad to go down there among you and shake hands, and I have just been informed that he is a much better mixer than he is speaker."

### The Dinner at a Discount

JUDGE ADOLPH MEYER, of Louisiana, who represents New Orleans in Congress, is a calm and unemotional man except when people talk to him of General Benjamin F. Butler and the Union soldiers who occupied New Orleans during the Civil War.

"I suppose, Judge," a friend said to him recently, "you were there when Butler's men stole the spoons?"

"No," replied the Judge, "I was away fighting in the army, but my family was there. What do you suppose they did to us? They came into my mother's house one day when the dinner was cooking on the stove ——"

"And stole the dinner, I suppose," broke in the friend.

"Stole the dinner, my eye!" roared the Judge. "They threw the dinner on the floor and stole the stove."

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# PLAYER FOLK

Alla Nazimova
In Hedda Gabler, Princess Theatre, New York

### Another Russian Storm Centre

LAST season when Orleneff's company of Russian actors, driven into exile because of the political bias of certain of their plays, took refuge in the New York ghetto, they were "discovered" as artists of consummate excellence and brought uptown to be admired by the fashionables, subsequently appearing in other large cities. There was a sharp division of opinion with regard to their performances, some professing to receive extraordinary sensations of delight and others owning that they were bored. One citizen remarked that he could go them all right if they would only cut out those bunches of language. Apparently, he voiced the verdict of the majority, for the performances were not sufficiently successful to warrant their repetition.

Madame Alla Nazimova, however, wife of Orleneff, has performed the feat of learning English in six months—impossible to any one but a Russian—and has lately appeared in New York in the title rôle of Ibsen's Hedda Gabler. Again the warfare wages. Never in current memory has there been so marked a difference of opinion. Some of the critics found that not only had she not mastered the language, but not learned it—that her speech not only lacked the vernacular quality requisite in a realistic play, but had an accent which made it unintelligible sometimes and excruciating always. Others found her accent charming and her enunciation so perfect as to be a model for native English actors. Some judged that her Hedda was not only unrealistic but contrary to the most obvious intentions of the dramatist. Others acclaimed her as the long-lost heroine of Ibsen, who made the play for the first time intelligible. One faction, while acknowledging Madame Nazimova's personal charm and distinction as an artist, lamented that she had quite obliterated it. The other discovered in her Hedda a creation of exquisite beauty, and predicted that the actress would become familiar and admired in every household in the land.

Only one thing is certain, and that is that an actress who can create so much discussion is a personality to be reckoned with in the future of our stage.

### What the Public Wants and Needs

MR. FROHMAN and his professional brethren should think twice about W. V. Moody's The Great Divide, which is by far the most successful play thus far launched in New York this season. It is written by a poet, who has never had any of that previous experience in "stagecraft," "technique," which Mr. Frohman and Mr. Fitch make so much of. It is a serious play with only a few characters, and it is more or less of a "problem" play—that is, it contains an idea and one that can't be escaped. And finally, it is written in good English, with lines that are a delight to hear, because they express just what they are meant to say. Nevertheless, Broadway likes it! The audiences sit absorbed and the house is sold out weeks in advance. There is a lively bit of melodrama in the first act, but not enough to fill the house night after night. What interests the public are the two characters, the man and the woman—Steven Ghent and Ruth Jordan—what they will make of their relation. It is not a "funny" nor a "society" play, nor a "sword and cape" play—but a play that makes men and women think. Sometimes they like to do that even at the theatre.

### The Bold Amateur

A YOUNG woman in New York who is a friend and neighbor of Maude Adams lately decided to go on the stage, but, knowing that Miss Adams felt very strongly against such ventures, did not ask her for assistance. Unaided, her efforts proved in vain. Her rebuffs made her bold enough to call Miss Adams up on the telephone.

To her surprise and delight, the actress, who had seen her in private performances, enthusiastically offered her introductions. She wrote a long and formal letter to a prominent stage manager, and then gave the young woman a note of introduction, which read: "Here she is. Don't let her eat you up." The manager turned to the applicant and said: "After that letter of Miss Adams, I suppose you expect a thousand dollars a week right away."

The young woman knew how to be bold, very bold, and not too bold. "Not right away," she answered. "Not until you have seen what I can do."

On the afternoon of the trial, at which several candidates were to be tested, the manager and two associates sat in the empty auditorium in fur coats buttoned forbiddingly to the chin. One ambitious novice after another appeared, sang a little song, and was dismissed in a chilling silence. Only one of them was asked to sing a second song, and she was interrupted and dismissed before she had finished it. Miss Adams' friend, whose turn was last, sat in the drafty wings, growing chillier and fainter. The moment she got on the stage, however, her spirits revived. After her song the managers asked for a dance. At the end of the dance they unbuttoned their fur coats and one of them passed cigars to the others. Then they called for a scene of acting. The result was an engagement. But not at a thousand a week.

### Imagination in Rehearsal

A FRIEND of Richard Mansfield was lately speaking to him of the qualities that make an actor. The list was pretty long, but Mansfield added: "And imagination?" A few days later, at the final dress rehearsal of Peer Gynt in New York, before the opening in Chicago, Mansfield's own imagination was in evidence.

Things were going rather badly. Actors who had only one entrance and two or three lines to speak missed their prescribed positions on the stage or failed to take their cues. The property-man did not have necessary articles forthcoming, and the stage manager failed time and again to produce the requisite combination of his forces. Mansfield had the entire production on his mind, with its huge cast and its twelve scenes, and besides had a part to remember which numbers thousands of lines. Those who had known him mainly by his newspaper reputation for temper expected momentarily a volcanic eruption. But he was in the costume of Peer, and was speaking Peer's lines; and no minor mishap could quite unseat his imagination.

In the scene among the Norwegian mountains in which Peer woos the green-clad Dovrë troll maiden, she summons her "bridal steed" to take them to the grotto palace of her father, the Dovrë King—nothing less than a gigantic pig with a halter for bridle. Mansfield and the troll maiden were to mount the creature and ride off up the hillside. The business of the man inside the pig was to run to the middle of the stage and there stop for his fares. But he came to a standstill when he had scarcely passed beyond the wings. The rollicking Peer gave an extra cavort, slapped the papier-mâché side of his steed, clucked as if to a balky horse, and cried in the friendliest tones, "Git ap! You blithering old pig! What are you stopping in the dark for?"

In the scene in the African desert, in which Peer has become a Mohammedan prophet, he is making prophet-like love to the chief of his dancing girls. The stage direction reads: "Seats himself under a tree and draws her to him." But the property-man and the stage manager were shy one tree. Mansfield improvised his objection, and read his lines thus:

Come, Anitra, we will rest us
underneath the palm's green fan-shade!
*There isn't any palm's green fan-shade,*
*but never mind that, come and rest us.*
I'll lie whispering, you'll lie smiling, etc.

It was not until the shipwreck scene that the actor's anger broke the spell of his imagination. Then the stage hands who were to get under the green cloth and make the waves failed to undulate. Mansfield came down from his piece of wreckage and said: "It's no use. In Norway and in Germany and in France they can play this piece, but in America we haven't the intelligence. We'll give it up. You are all discharged. Telegraph to Chicago and say we can't open." Then Mrs. Mansfield for the first time spoke up from her seat in front, and said that the rehearsal was going beautifully, as, in fact, it was, as far as Mansfield was concerned. The rehearsal was finished and a week later Mansfield had made, perhaps, the greatest triumph of his triumphant career.

### The Star-Maker

MAUDE ADAMS has never forgotten the fact that, like so many American actresses, she owes her first good part to Clyde Fitch; and though in their busy lives the two seldom meet they have continued the warmest friends. When Mr. Fitch was ill in Switzerland, and shortly after he had been reported dying, Miss Adams met the playwright's mother, and spoke of the shock the false report had given her. "But I had this to console me," she added. "I knew that he would go to Heaven. It wouldn't be right if he didn't—he has made so many stars there."

### Cutting a Dramatic Lecture

HISTORY repeats itself, but always with a difference. When Professor George Pierce Baker, of Harvard, delivered a lecture on The Drama as a Social Force before the New York League for Political Education, he sent seats to the critic of one of the leading metropolitan papers, who had been his pupil in Cambridge when he was a youthful instructor lecturing on the Elizabethans. It so happened that the lecture took place on the morning of the Yale-Harvard football game. "I'm very sorry," the critic replied, "but I'm taking advantage of the Faculty rule which allows a cut to those who go forth to support the team at New Haven."

### A Wizard Whose Art is White

DAVID BELASCO'S success as a producing manager has gained him the title of the Wizard of the Drama; but, as is generally the case with wizards, his art is the result of practices which are only natural and human. Chief among them is an instinctive and habitual courtesy in the treatment of his employees, which stands in striking contrast to the abuse and profanity which is natural to so many managers, and which some of them regard as essential to discipline. One of the minor parts in The Girl of the Golden West is taken by a gray-haired actor who has a lifelong experience on the stage. "I've been well treated," he lately remarked, "and I've been badly treated; but with Mr. Belasco for the first time I am treated like a gentleman and an artist." It may be a result of this that his performance is thoroughly artistic in relation to the play, and one of the very best of his career.

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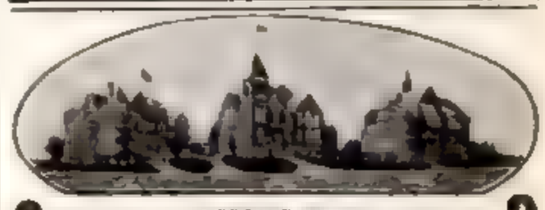

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# GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

## STEPS AND MISSTEPS ON THE ROAD TO FORTUNE

### Money in Rubbish

WHEN I made application to the city authorities to sort out and take away the tin cans carried to the crematory by the trash-carts they gave their consent, but regarded me rather suspiciously, as though I were an escaped lunatic. Finally one man put the question uppermost in the minds of them all:

"To what use will you put this stuff?"

"I propose," I answered, "melting the cans, saving the solder and tin and casting the material into window weights."

It would astonish most people to know what this brought in to me in the course of a year. With energy there is a good living in the business. In Augusta, where the burning trash-pile is common, one man I know of has secured the exclusive privilege of sorting out the odds and ends of trash for years, paying for them in attention to the fires. By carefully culling this waste great piles of stuff were accumulated that were put to good use.

Old iron, brass, rags, leather, tin, buttons, boxes, paper, and a thousand other things thrown daily into the trash-pile, are secured, and the income from it all provides the sorter with a good living.

—*A. T. J.*

### Please Knock! His Cue

WHILE still attending school in my home town I became acquainted with the telegraph operator at the railroad station, and, visiting him, learned considerable about telegraphy, and, incidentally, took a liking to the subject of electricity in its various branches. Electricity became my "hobby." Nothing pleased me more than connecting door-bells, or wiring them, and I decided to try to make it pay.

I made it a point to take long walks every day, when not studying, and in this manner located quite a number of "PLEASE KNOCK" cards displayed. I would apply for the job of repairing the bells, and as I did not belong to any "union"—with reasonable prices as a consequence—invariably I secured the work. In nearly every instance all that was necessary to be done was to wash the battery-jars and replenish them with sal ammoniac and zinc-poles—which, of course, necessitated but a small outlay for each jar. Also, occasionally, I found the gas-lighting apparatus out of order, and nearly always, as in the case with the bells, worn-out battery-jars caused this trouble. Of course, where any repairs to the wiring were necessary my charge was somewhat greater.

I had "PLEASE KNOCK" cards, with my advertisement on back, printed and distributed. Before long, with the repairing of the old and the installation of the new bells and other electrical fixtures, I had more than I could do alone, and, eventually, on account of moving from home, sold my business at a good figure.

—*"I. X. L."*

### Prize-Winning Advertisements

THE trouble with the majority of the schemes by which self-supporting students work their way through college is that one must either know some trade or else put in all spare time at such duties as dishwashing, cleaning, etc., none too agreeable to any male. Here is a little idea, partly my own, by which I was enabled to complete my course, and the only requisites are nerve and a persuasive tongue. My college experience long since proved that these qualifications are not lacking in the ordinary student.

Going into a strange country town of not over 10,000 population, generally one that supports but one daily newspaper, I first visit the manager of the paper and engage whatever space I consider I shall need for one issue a week ahead. For this space I have to pay from three to five dollars per column, including the setting, proof-reading, etc. Then I visit each and every person in business in the town and explain my scheme as briefly as possible. It is this.

The person shall write a short advertisement, not to exceed fifty words, in which they describe any features of their business best known to the general public. They must not, however, give definite information as to their identity or place of business. These short advertisements are next numbered and, keeping to myself the correct name for each number, are printed in ordinary type, column form, in one issue. Readers of the paper are invited to guess the names of the advertisers from the advertisements as printed. I usually award three prizes—five, three and one dollar, respectively.

Now, where is my profit? Just this. Never yet have I struck a little city where I could not secure one hundred or more of these adlets at two dollars each. Merchants, mechanics, milliners, blacksmiths, grain dealers, doctors, lawyers, everybody, fairly jump at the idea. If they hesitate a mere reminder that these nameless advertisements will be carefully reread hundreds of times by many prospective buyers, and that, when the correct solution is published, the second day after the contest is given, all will again be perused, usually fetches them around. Incidentally, I may say that I always take the pay in advance and sign with the advertiser a written agreement.

The average country newspaper will run about one hundred and twenty-five lines to the column, which means not less than eleven of these adlets to each, though frequently I have run fifteen. This means about twenty dollars or more profit per column, according to the price paid for it and the number of ads run. So, you may easily clean up from one hundred and fifty to three hundred dollars on one job. Of course, the nine dollars for prizes, carfares and other incidentals must come out of this amount.

During the three vacation months at the end of each school year I have managed to make enough to carry me sailing through the next. Once I made one hundred and twenty-five dollars during the Christmas vacation alone. A week is necessary to a town, if it is to be "done" thoroughly.

If the newspaper people have any scruples about a contest of this sort, I vary the program by merely publishing a long story in which some of the local citizens wrangle over the merits of certain local business houses (plainly named, for which I have pocketed one dollar each), and discuss where they shall buy the various articles necessary to dedicate a new church with a missionary banquet, or the like. This plan, though easier, requires some ability as a writer, which is not conformable to my intention in writing this. Besides, it yields about half the profit the guessing contest gives.

—*H. H. C.*

### Starting the Paper

I WAS nineteen and my chum twenty-two, when we started our paper. And neither of us had a cent of our own to put into the enterprise, yet we got started without any great effort. Here is how we managed it:

We bargained for an old-fashioned army press, and second-hand type, with the editor of our home paper, who had discarded them for a more up-to-date outfit. We agreed to pay fifty dollars down and fifty dollars each six months until we had paid the two hundred and fifty dollars. This done, we went to the town on the new railroad, where we intended to start the paper, and solicited subscriptions, the money to be deposited in the bank and paid to us as soon as we had issued the first copy of our paper.

We got one hundred and twenty-seven dollars raised in this way, and seventy-three dollars were put in the bank to pay for advertising on the same terms. Then we got a signed statement from the banker that there was two hundred dollars deposited with him to be paid to us when these conditions were carried out—and the owner of the press willingly allowed us to have the press.

After the first issue, we drew the money from the bank, paid the first installment on the press, spent seventy-five dollars for rent, new type, new advertising cuts, etc., and still had seventy-five dollars for emergencies. Of course, our press and the entire outfit was out-of-date and behind the times. Our imposing-stone was "sacred to Mary A." somebody (on the under side), and the old press required more muscle to run it than a washing-machine wringer. But we managed to get out a pretty fair-looking paper from the first.

Afterward, we bought more type and added to our other office-fixtures as we could afford it. During the first year we both slept in the office and ate at the restaurants that advertised with us. In fact, nearly everything we bought was paid for in advertising. And after we got our new press paid for we advertised for a real-estate dealer until we paid for a building-lot, and for a lumber-dealer until we had enough lumber paid for to build us an office of our own. We did not handle any great amount of money in those days, but our plant was steadily increasing in value, the work was pleasant and the experience an education in itself.

—*W. D. B.*

### The Best Investment

WASHINGTON, District of Columbia, the place of my residence, has a population composed, almost to a third, of negroes. The majority of these are in meagre circumstances, and thus must avail themselves of the very cheapest house-rent possible. A large number are not able to pay more than twenty dollars a month at the highest, and houses renting for a sum lower than this are in great demand.

I looked over the real-estate market very carefully before I made my investment. At last I found a two-story, five-room brick house, with no modern improvements except water in the kitchen and a closet in the back yard, located on a side street (no alley), central. It rented to a colored tenant for twelve dollars and fifty cents a month. I bought the property for thirteen hundred dollars; and immediately spent seventy-five dollars additional in repainting the front, repairing the roof, fixing the back fence, papering the interior, and putting in new floors. As a result the tenant agreed to a raise of the rent to fifteen dollars a month. A statement of my investment follows:

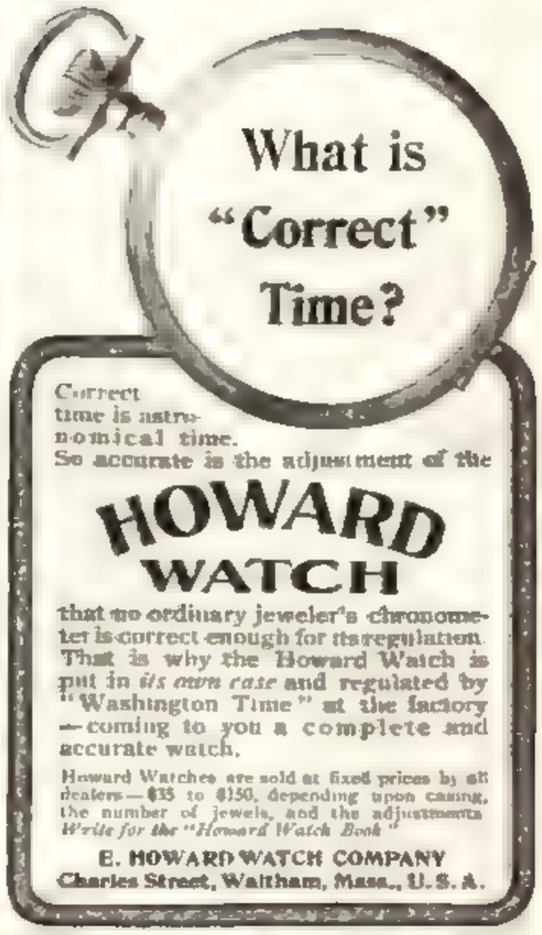
| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Gross income, $15 a month—year | | $180.00 |
| Expenses. | | |
| Commission to real-estate agent for collecting rents, 5 per cent. on amount collected—year | $ 9.00 | |
| Taxes—year | 11.00 | |
| Water rent—year | 4.50 | |
| Insurance—year | 2.00 | |
| Repairs (actual cost last year) | 14.00 | |
| Total expense—year | $40.50 | $ 40.50 |
| Net income—year | | $139.50 |

The property cost me $1375, including cost of first repairs, and last year, by the figures above, I cleared 10.14 per cent. net on my investment. You will note that I make no allowance whatever for vacancy of the house. During the last year, about four months after I acquired the property, the tenant gave notice of his intention to vacate. As soon as the house was placarded "For Rent" a dozen applications for it were made, and a new tenant moved in the same day it was vacated by the other. Contrary to the general opinion, negro tenants, in my experience, are prompt in paying rent, and, in nine cases out of ten, are superior to the white tenants who would live in such a property.

Real estate of this class, possessing the advantage of being easily rented, and requiring little money for its purchase, is also easily disposed of in case of need of cash. I could sell my little investment to-day for fifteen hundred dollars cash, at least, netting me a profit of one hundred and twenty-five dollars, which would be additional to the extraordinary amount of interest received on my money while in the property.

If judgment is used in buying, properties of this class can be bought, pay easily from six to eight per cent., and at the same time remain a safe and conservative investment.

—*J. W. D.*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# IN THE OPEN

FOOTBALL is reformed—and more firmly than ever established in the affections of America. It is by far a better game in its revised condition—prophets to the contrary notwithstanding.

The agitation throughout 1905 which resulted finally in the overthrow of the old Football Rules Committee was warranted and wise. That committee had been dominated by selfish motives which deafened its majority to the crying need of a splendid game; enough of its members favored the mass play, responsible for so much of the foul work on the field, to stultify the praiseworthy efforts of the minority. Therefore the outbursts against football brutality, which was but public indorsement of the persistent and earnest struggle friends of the game had long maintained. Thus united effort made possible a general meeting of college representatives and the appointment of a new committee for the purpose of making rules to accord with the demands of fair-play and commonsense. Under this revised code the game of 1906 was played, and, it must be acknowledged, freely and frankly, seldom has equal success attended the first trial of any draft of playing rules.

### A New Life for Football

The new Football Rules Committee legislated ably; probably more ably than they realized. They have unfolded strategic possibilities suggesting a quality of future play greatly in advance of any yet seen, while the practical workings of the new code, so far as we are able to judge by the games of 1906, substantially comprehend and largely correct the shortcomings of the old one. The lay objections to football under 1905 rules were the opportunities afforded by mass formations for foul and brutal work; the over-importance given to mere weight, the trend to elevate mere brute strength over skill—in a word, to make of match games a gladiatorial contest between twenty-two men, instead of skilled and scientific play by two teams.

By doubling the distance to be gained in three downs from five to ten yards and insisting on the rush line remaining practically intact, the new rules have done away with the mass play; by demanding a "down" to be declared when any part of the runner, other than his hands and feet, touch the ground, they have cut out the brutality which resulted from piling up on the prostrate player; by outlawing tripping and hurdling and heeling they have defined the foul play which two umpires are now appointed to visit with heavy penalties; and by providing for a forward pass and an on-side kick they have introduced the open game for which so long spectator and player alike have clamored.

### The Open Game Safer

Apart from the added interest which the new football gives to the spectator by its open play, and its greater attractiveness to the player himself because of its strategic possibilities, is also the welcome element of diminished danger to increase its worth on both the school and college playground.

A careful compilation of the injuries of last and of this season shows a decrease in 1906 of eighty per cent. in fatal injuries, with only a third as many of non-fatal this as last year. Moreover, 1906 accidents classed under non-fatal are of a less serious nature as compared with those of the preceding year.

This, of course, is a direct result of the new rules, which make it more a game of skill and less a game of brute force as it had grown to be by 1905.

Perhaps it is not out of place to say here that football accidents always have been exaggerated, besides being annually tabulated and widely exploited, as though this game was the only one in which accidents occurred. For example, last year, while the victims of footballphobia were industriously proclaiming the game's fatal accidents (seventeen, I believe, was the number) as convincing evidence of its utter unworthiness, they could have learned, had they chosen to seek such truth with equal diligence, of thirteen fatal accidents in baseball to players of that game, not to speak of ten spectators at baseball games who also had been killed during the same year. Yet nobody inveighed against baseball. I might go further and relate the fatal accidents of other games to prove that football in comparison with its number of players has, as a matter of literal fact, fewer fatal accidents than any vigorous outdoor game on the list of American sport.

True, football is and always will be a rough game; its hardy quality is one of its chief virtues. It is a game only for hearty, well-conditioned youth and decidedly not one to be played by boys having organic or any physical weakness; nor is it one in which youths of eighteen or older should contest against boys of fifteen, sixteen, or younger. It is in games between men and boys, and when physically unfitted individually enter the contest, that seventy-five per cent. of the non-fatal and substantially all of the fatal accidents have occurred.

These are facts which parents should remember: under no circumstances should boys be permitted to play against more matured opponents or to play at all unless physically sound and in trained condition.

I must not be understood as heralding the arrival of the football millennium. There remains yet much to be done before the game is beyond criticism; much, for example, to increase the element of fun for the player, to lessen the commercial spirit that attends upon the contests, to lighten the seriousness with which the game is viewed by undergraduates, to shorten the privileges granted players over the average student in good standing. And I enumerate these things here because the parents can be a most active and helpful factor in bringing about this football Utopia, always provided they are actuated by real interest, have some conception of the significance of play to man, and confine themselves to sane criticism.

### Football Will Survive its Enemies

Taking their cue no doubt from the prejudiced and not always logical harangues against football by the presidents of the Harvard and of the Columbia Universities, many others with added invective and less thought have stopped at no slander in their arraignment of the game. They have gone too far—so far in fact as to have caused results directly opposed to what they sought. To denounce football as totally depraved and without a particle of good to its credit, is to insult the intelligence of the average American man or woman who is not anæmic. To abolish the game on such grounds as Columbia University has done, is to become conspicuously faithless to educational duty—since modern thought points to hard, physical play as necessary to education of youth as hard classroom work. Football has its full share of faults. There is no denying that much in the game of two years ago was disgraceful, nor were the most obdurate opponents of football more insistent than its friends in their demands for reform. To cut out, as Columbia College has done, about seventy per cent. of good because of its thirty per cent. of bad, instead of attempting to reclaim the thirty per cent. of bad in order to retain for the American boy the healthful and manly seventy per cent. of good, is action reflecting no credit upon a public and prominent educator.

Football will be alive and flourishing in health and in strength when all of us with our little worries have passed over to the great majority.

### Help Game Birds and Forests

There are two bills coming up in the current session of Congress which should have the unqualified support of every good citizen; for directly or indirectly the interest of every citizen, especially of those in the country, is intimately concerned with the successful passage of these measures. One provides for placing the protection of migratory game birds under the jurisdiction of the Federal Government; the other provides for the preservation of the forests at the water sources of the White and Southern Appalachian Mountains.

I make my appeal for every citizen's aid in educating Congressmen, and upon farmers particularly do I urge activity in helping to make national law of these bills. It may be that the farmer of Ohio or Oregon thinks himself uninterested in the watersheds of an Eastern mountain range, but he is mistaken. Every farmer is interested whether he lives in Wisconsin, or Maine, or Alabama, or California. We are all interested; it is principle; it is more, it is future prosperity. The damage to the farming, to the manufacturing and to the shipping interests through forest denudation is immeasurable. Our long-sighted, sane President has urged over and over again upon Congress the passage of laws conserving our rapidly disappearing forests. He has been successful in influencing the passage through the Senate of a National Forest Reserve Bill which provides something like five millions of dollars for forest conservation, but Congress holds it up and will continue to hold it, probably, until you, my friends, wherever you may reside, enter vigorously upon a campaign of education and demand that your Representative at Washington heed the instruction which your future welfare and your common-sense must dictate.

### Giving Up Your Money

It is one of the amazing incongruities of the day that the American, usually so keen to make a dollar, should deliberately permit this spoliation of the forest which is so directly concerned with his pocket. New England has felt already the unhappy effects of destroyed forests through the lessening of summer resort business. Let others take warning in time.

In a speech at Raleigh last year, the President declared that "neither State nor Nation can afford to turn these mountains over to the unrestrained greed of those who would exploit them at the expense of the future." And the President is no visionary, as every American knows.

Continuous effort is being made by the Forestry Department, by the Boone and Crockett Club, collectively and individually by many estimable organizations, toward educating the average American Representative at Washington to the tremendous importance of this subject of forest conservation. Success is impossible without the aid of the citizens throughout the country. It is money in your pockets and it will be more than money in the pockets of your children.

### The Protected Ducks

The practical side of Federal control of migratory game birds is their protection against indiscriminate slaughter for the market. Here again the pockets of the citizens of the respective duck-inhabited sections of the country become directly interested.

There is a feeling among ignorant but no doubt well-intentioned people that the effort for the protection of birds, game birds particularly, is made by sportsmen for the purpose of preserving the birds against the shooting seasons; but this is far from fact. The preservation of game birds has a direct monetary interest for the people—especially the country-living people. Maine found out several years ago that a live deer is worth in dollars and cents about ten times as much as a dead one, and since they made the discovery no class is more urgent for game protection than our thrifty citizens of the Pine Tree State.

It is a condition unusual and to be made the most of when a right principle is also a money-maker. Forest conservation and bird protection are both money-makers, and it is on both scores that I appeal to Americans for help.

Educate your Congressmen!

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# SWOLLEN FORTUNES

(Concluded from Page 4)

total capitalization heaped upon them is not far from twenty billions. Railway bookkeeping is one of the very highest developments of the efforts of modern business to conceal the truth; yet even on the face of the books the railways showed last year net earnings of seven hundred and eighty millions. The total of actual investment in our railway systems is much less than six billions, the rest of the twenty billions being water. Seven hundred and eighty millions is thirteen per cent. on six billions, is just under twenty per cent. on four billions—and four billions is about the sum that would be needed to reproduce our entire railway system. Thirteen to twenty per cent. per annum, when under court rulings a fair return for capital invested in public service corporations is four per cent. at the outside! This means that on the showing of their own books the railway rings tax the people unjustly from five hundred and forty to six hundred and twenty millions a year. The gross earnings of the railways were last year two billions, three hundred millions. So the unjust tax is not less than $30 a family, for the whole population, toward the maintenance of the plutocracy; and it is probably about $50 a family. This is only one of many such extortionate, sly, indirect taxes. Is it surprising that the income of the average American family is now below $500 a year?

It is often said that the stocks and bonds of the manipulated corporations controlling the machinery of our civilization are very widely held among our people; one reads that the Steel Trust has nearly fifty thousand stockholders, the Sugar Trust about twelve thousand, this railroad a hundred thousand, the other seventy-five thousand, and so on. It is true there are many people of modest means who hold a share or so, or ten or a dozen shares. But the bulk of these tax licenses are held in great blocks, and if one were to have lists of all the stock and bond holders by enterprises, he would find that they were duplicates. The same few thousand families are chief owners in all the enterprises.

### Vast Fortunes Without Excuse

There was a time when it could be truly said that the breaking up of wealth into small parcels made great enterprises difficult. But this is no longer true. The development of the corporation and of the long-term mortgage bond makes it easy for capital to be massed anywhere and for any length of time, no matter how widely its ownership may be distributed. The greatest single accumulations of free private capital are the assets of the big life-insurance companies, and these are contributed by millions of persons scattered over the whole earth. In France, where there are no enormous fortunes and few accumulations beyond a hundred thousand dollars or so, any hopeful enterprise can easily get all the capital it wants, or any established enterprise in need of more money. There is not a single public advantage that can be put forward in defense of vast private fortunes. Enterprising men are enterprising not because they hope to be millionaires a hundred times over, but because they take to enterprise as a fish takes to water. Most of the vigorous, aggressive leaders in industry to-day are men working on salary for the owners or the managers of the great masses of wealth. As for the enterprises undertaken by men already in possession of "swollen" fortunes, how many of those exploits are other than direct assaults upon the property and the independence of the people? They are for the most part vast and too often successful attempts to monopolize a branch of industry, to saddle it with heavy fixed charges. What our financiers call "developing" a property is too often in reality the ending of its development by making it a mere dividend and interest machine, without growth, without enthusiasm, and cold to new ideas and new inventions. The influence of the swollenly rich controllers of the great corporations upon politics need not be more than referred to here. The facts are notorious. We all know that the great plutocrats have more influence at our State capitals and at our national capital than all the rest of the people—an influence that is steady, stealthy, subtle, almost always successful.

Even if it were good for the possessors of "swollen fortunes" to have them, the greatest good of the greatest number forbids. Diffusion of wealth is not only wise, it is just; it is not only just and wise, it is also vital to the welfare of the nation. Concentration of wealth means injustice, destruction of manhood and womanhood, spreading corruption in public and private life. So long as wealth means power—power that compounds as the size of the fortune increases—just so long can no nation afford to have its wealth either controlled by a few or owned by a few—especially a few who have never earned, but have simply by accident inherited. Man was not made for property, but property for man. The way to maintain property rights, which are the bulwark of our civilization, certainly is not by permitting property to pass into the hands of a few, with the masses propertyless.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles on Swollen Fortunes, the most important problem now before the people. The articles will be written by various authorities and will present all sides of the question.

# The Bowery's Elder Brother

THE biggest bank in New York is one never mentioned in mergers or underwriting. It is a mile and a half from Wall Street, and a thousand miles from High Finance. Its money never goes kiting around looking for forty per cent. call loans, nor is the Treasury implored to help it import gold from Europe. Two years ago, to be sure, it got into the news in rather a prominent way, for it had a run.

Rumor flashed over the East Side one night, and next morning hundreds were waiting for this bank to open. Before the day was out the police had enough to do to keep excited people in line. But the people only wanted to put money in. A half per cent. higher dividend had just been declared on deposits.

This is the Bowery Savings Bank. Its assets are now over $105,000,000. About one dollar in every eleven held by savings banks in the State is in the Bowery, and one dollar in every thirty-five throughout the country. One savings institution in the world is larger—the postal banks of Great Britain.

The Bowery got a new president four years ago. A good man was wanted for exacting duties, and the trustees picked him from among themselves in William H. S. Wood, who had been a trustee thirty years. In 1804 a young Quaker, Samuel Wood, set up a small publishing business in Pearl Street. It passed to his son William, and then to his grandson, who is William H. S. The latter had been successful as a medical publisher. More sons were coming up in the business. When they proposed to elect him president of the Bowery he said, "Pshaw!—Wasn't it about time a man retired and enjoyed himself?" But the trustees persuaded him to try it just one year. They knew that as soon as he went into the job his interest in the bank's 150,000 depositors would keep him there. It has.

The full grandeur of the Steel Trust was then beginning to sink into the mind of the people. Millionaires landed from Pittsburg on every train. Frenzied finance had not been explained. United States Shipbuilding was coming on as a glorious sequel to Steel. The country was such a success that even the East Side's imagination took fire. The hordes around Grand Street, roughly classified on the spot as "Yidds, Huns and Ginnies"—the men who ran pushcarts and small shops, the women who carried stacks of coats on their heads—these caught the High Finance idea. Among the thousands who came to the Bowery Bank daily to put in money or take it out would be an occasional person dressed in his most festive clothes who wanted nearly all he had on deposit. His accumulation might be only a few hundred, but the extent of his draft showed that something big was afoot.

The president usually signs every check. When a big one came along, the draft-clerks were directed to ask the depositor what was proposed to be done with the money. If the answer was "Buy stocks," that depositor was invited back into the new president's office. Of course, what any man did with his money was none of the president's business, the new president himself explained, but then followed a kindly talk on finance at its higher temperatures. Many a depositor put his money back and went home to don his working clothes. Thus many and many a dollar that might have gotten badly shrunk and warped in Wall Street is in the Bowery yet.

In time the epidemic passed, like whooping cough. Securities are dull in that neighborhood now. But other maladies break out from time to time. The bank has just passed through the real-estate fever, created the past year by some excessively optimistic New York editors. Free excursion trains to the bad lands of Long Island have been crowded Sundays. Hundreds of savings deposits have been put down on the black, or the red, forty and fifty miles away. Fatherly talks about real estate have safeguarded the depositors of the Bowery to a large extent. Then there is the racing fever, which we have always with us, and which is hardest to cure, President Wood says. For men who have unmistakable sense see opportunities to make big, sudden money on the ponies, and the worst feature of the disease is that occasionally some of them do make it. But tactful advice helps even in this disorder.

President Wood is safe, sane and conservative. Yet he has struck out on lines that are new for this staid old institution. Advertising is one. Banking by mail is another. He wants his bank to grow, and grow, and grow. It has gained ten millions since he took charge. But his idea is far from mere bigness. Deep down in his Quaker nature somewhere is a something that causes him genuine worry whenever a dollar belonging to a man who worked hard for it is deposited outside of New York State, with its restricted savings banks. There may be safe banks elsewhere—but you can't tell. So he tries to turn all the proletariat's money toward Grand Street and the Bowery.

Some of his devices have been ingenious. Every summer thousands of actor-folk come to New York to "sign on." The actor's financial acumen is a joke, and walking ties a tradition. President Wood started in to interest the Rialto in simple finance. He talked to it in leaflets. He provided envelopes for mailing the surplus on salary-day. He showed the blessedness of being able to draw for railroad fare if salary-day dropped off the calendar. This idea took slowly at the start. The women saw it first. But now the Bowery safeguards many a dollar earned in vaudeville, musical comedy and the ten-twent'-thirt'. The president doesn't like to talk about this, though, lest some wicked trust company melt his Rialto nest-eggs into that golden calf, call-money.

President Wood is a type of man not uncommon in New York State, and the remarkable thing about the whole type is that a simple law should harness so many of that sort in the community's service. Compared with benefiting the community by managing a life-insurance company, there is nothing in it.

Trustees draw no salaries. The State had thirty years' work free from William H. S. by the time he thought he ought to retire.

There are fifty-five other savings banks in New York City, among them the Emigrant with nearly a hundred millions, and the Seaman's with seventy-five millions. They hold a total of $1,000,000,000 for 1,800,000 depositors. The law that governs them swept away forever unsafe conditions and put into the hands of men like this a work that some call philanthropic, some eleemosynary. President Wood calls it altruistic. They give to this work most of their time, and receive little—what is made goes to depositors.

Were it not for the savings-bank law, few of them would touch Finance with a hop-pole. When banks in less provident communities are broken and looted, such men and such institutions make the clamor for postal banks seem peevish.

—J. H. C.


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# OUR ADJUSTABLE MANNERS

## A Study in Private Courtesy and Public Rudeness

## BY LILIAN BELL

WHEN I was traveling in France and Germany with letters which introduced me into the family-life of the people, I can remember the patriotic rages which used to assail me at discovering that officers of crack regiments would have street manners which would shame an American newsboy, and then, if by chance we met any of them at private houses, we would receive such courtesy, such bending over our hands, such bowing, protestations and attentions as would have led some people to imagine that they were not the same men who, the day before, had crowded us into doorways, pushed before us into street-cars, elbowed us aside at ticket-windows, or shoved us into the gutters as they strode by.

I have been trod on and walked over in Paris by men who lifted their hats and said "Pardon, Madame!" as if that court-plastered the whole offense. I have asked a German gentleman on a station platform to come to the baggage-room and translate necessary instructions for me and have been refused. I have stood in line to have my luggage examined at the German frontier at four o'clock in the morning, and had men in magnificently lined fur coats, who looked like gentlemen, crowd in ahead of me and then turn and blow cigar smoke in my face with a laugh of derision at my discomfiture. I don't like cigar smoke at four o'clock in the morning, but I swallowed it and said nothing—chiefly, however, because I couldn't speak any German except "Götterdämmerung."

These things have all happened to me abroad.

### The Insurance Mogul

I remember the shock it was to me to discover that Americans could be discourteous to each other abroad. Before that I had imagined we were bound together by our feeling for a common enemy.

It was while crossing the Adriatic Sea from Patras to Brindisi. An officer of one of the great insurance companies of New York was traveling on the same ship, and, by reason of his enormous wealth, he had managed to bribe the authorities to put a maid into the stateroom I had engaged a month before.

I was in the early stages of a nervous disorder which prostrated me for weeks when I reached Rome, and when I entered my stateroom prepared to drop into my berth, lo and behold, I found it occupied by that maid!

I made inquiries through my companion and chaperon, and discovered that it was a prearranged, premeditated affair and not the mistake I had supposed.

We spread the matter before the captain. He said that he could not interfere. We were already at sea. There was no alternative but to see if a personal interview with the American king would aid me.

I remember what he said to me and what sort of language he used. I have thought of it every day that I have seen his name in large type in the daily papers.

I wonder if he remembers how—after he had brutally refused to remove the maid from my stateroom, and had sent his courier with instructions to put his foot in the doorway to prevent the closing of the door, until he was assured that the maid kept her berth—how he declared that he could pay for what he wanted. And I also wonder if he thought, when he was on the rack, that some of us were wondering if a little of our own money did not go to pay the traveling insults he bought with such lavish hand?

The end of that story is that, after the courier had been persuaded to remove his foot, the maid insisted on my taking the berth, saying that she had told them she didn't want a berth which was not rightfully hers, and made herself comfortable on a deck-chair. She even apologized for the manners of her mistress and refused the five dollars I offered her. Yet she was only a little woman, getting about twenty-five dollars a month, but earning it honestly.

I venture to assert that she was a happier human being and slept with a lighter conscience than her wealthy employers.

This wretched experience was my first with ill-bred Americans abroad, and let me say with gratitude that it was also my last.

### Theatrical Hoodlums

When I went to the theatres or the opera in Paris, Beyreuth, Berlin, Dresden, in St. Petersburg and Moscow, if anybody laughed, talked or in any way disturbed the audience, he got fiercely hissed first, and, if that did not cow him, half a dozen men rushed for the attendants and the intruder was hustled out without ceremony. And the audience approved such drastic treatment.

Then I came back home and saw what Americans can do in the line of upsetting the public peace and how tamely the public accepts it. Here when a couple of half intoxicated youths chose to disturb a play which demands all your attention to hear the wit of the lines, which happened not long ago, and an aristocratic-looking man in front of them, after several glances of displeasure, finally turned and threatened to report them at the box-office if they did not desist, they coolly informed him that they had paid as much for their seats as he had for his, and to the end of the play they annoyed every one within hearing. That time no one else protested.

At another time a man did go and report a similar nuisance, and the attendant came and made more fuss than the two nuisances were making, and stormed and threatened, but did nothing—the nuisances being perfectly secure in their Heaven-sent privilege of annoying every one near them, as free-born American citizens.

A third time the offender was actually removed, and the neighbors, instead of being grateful, pilloried the informer with glances and whispers of condemnation for the act of a man and a gentleman.

I wonder which is right; but I wonder more than all what is to become of the courteous, law-abiding, considerate portion of the American or any other nation, when, with every dollar that is added to our wealth, every atom of culture and wisdom we acquire, every year of progress in civilization that passes over our heads, our manners in public grow worse. If you buy a seat in a theatre, do you also buy the right to annoy your neighbors by coughing, kicking the seat in front, shuffling your feet, whispering, laughing in the wrong place, viciously disturbing the quiet because you are not pleased by the piece?

Have you no manners for the theatre?

If you lease an apartment, do you buy the right to shout in the halls, play a musical instrument at unreasonable hours, buy the children noisy toys, move furniture with violence after people above and below you are asleep, or in any way willfully render yourself a nuisance to your neighbors?

The law cannot touch you if you are simply ill-bred. You are at civic liberty to disturb the peace within your own four walls if you are an unrefined, selfish egotist. If no inborn force from within controls you, no one who is near you has any rights to peace and quiet.

The worst form of low breeding is the sort which is unassailable from without—that of the men and women who claim as a right their custom of annoying their neighbors by their daily habits of life.

### Shake the Rugs at Your Neighbors

The woman who deliberately has her rugs shaken out of her windows, to the detriment of the lower apartments, can neither be remonstrated with nor compelled by law to desist. She is bent upon circumventing the attempts of her neighbors—attempts to protect themselves against her bad manners.

If the people above you bring their steel-shod feet down on the bare floors so that your apartment resounds as if you were living under a livery stable, it would be useless to mention the fact and beg their consideration. They would only insult you for your request, were it couched in the most courteous terms. The low breeding of such selfishness is ingrained. These people feel that your right to any consideration at their hands is an insult to their inalienable rights, as free-born citizens of the United States, to make public nuisances of themselves.

Women had to be compelled by a city ordinance to remove their hats at the theatre, and for months after its enactment there was a good chance for a row whenever an usher enforced it by a request to the recalcitrant.

Men are bad enough, but they are incapable of the petty and persistent meanness of women, especially when traveling. A man has some sense of shame, and, if you can publicly put him in the wrong, he will sneak out of the car at the first opportunity, having, I suppose, some sense of justice and fair play.

But let a woman get up early in a Pullman sleeping-car and get the door of the dressing-room locked on her less fortunate sisters, and——

### And on the Train ——!

Well, once I was on a car due in Denver at nine o'clock in the morning, and a woman barricaded herself in the dressing-room at half-past seven. Will you believe me when I tell you that, in spite of the rappings and pleadings and threats of a dozen other women, backed up by the porter and finally by the conductor, she never emerged until the Denver station was reached, when she actually had the nerve to walk out, powdered, painted, veiled and triumphant to a maddening degree?

Now, no man would be guilty of an act like that. Men make room for each other in their Pullman dressing-rooms and good-naturedly allow themselves to be crowded if there is any necessity for hurry. But, for selfishness and inconsideration, commend me to a woman traveling. She will deliberately occupy two seats in a street-car; see other women stand, laden with bundles, without offering to move up, and otherwise try to prove to everybody with eyes in their heads that they, these women, have no manners at all. Yet, if you called at the houses of such women, I have no doubt in the world that you would be courteously received; their best would be at your disposal, and you would otherwise discover that they had some claim to the title of ladies—but never from their manners in public. And, far from displaying good manners themselves, many women are incapable of appreciating good manners in others. If a well-bred woman does move up to make room for a standing woman, how often is the first woman thanked? Sometimes not even a bow or a glance is given!

Ask men how often they are thanked (once in twenty times) for giving their seats, in a car, to women.

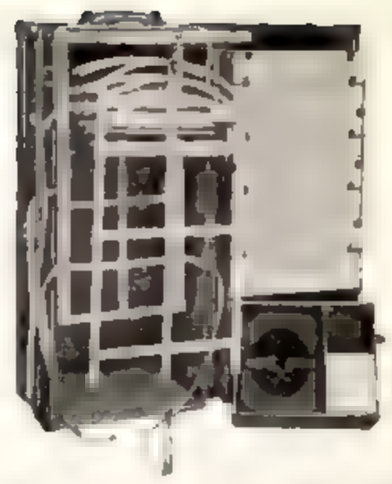
### Four Seats for One Ticket

A woman in a train will turn a seat, pile satchels and bundles on it and on the seat beside her, and even put her foot on the opposite seat to prevent people from trying to occupy it. And such is the tame submission of the American people to such piggishness, such is our idiotic idea of the personal rights of the possessor of any sort of a resting-place, that we pass on, going into another car, and searching through the whole train before we return and brave her stare of astonishment and displeasure at being requested to give up three seats which were not hers to begin with.

How many women would be guilty of such rudeness in their own homes?

I confess that I do not understand these adjustable manners—one set for private and one set for the public.

Perhaps, the manners of such people are commendable in that the public get the honest exposition of their characters. In reality they *are* the self-engrossed pachyderms which we see and know. In private they are only veneered pachyderms. But pachyderms they are and pachyderms they will remain to the end of the chapter.

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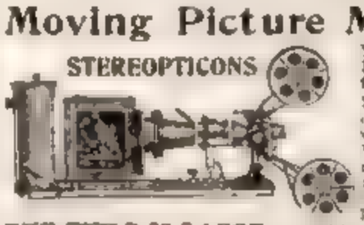

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# THE SPOTTSFORD MAN

## A Tale of Triumphant Tenacity

## By Kennett Harris

> *Don't be too ready to quit;*
> *Never let up on your grip;*
> *Nothin' like hangon an' grit,*
> *Keepin' a stiff upper lip.*
> *Oaks is cut down chip by chip;*
> *That's what the copybooks say—*
> *Granite is wore by the drip,*
> *Jest keep a-peggin' away.*
> —Hi Parmelee's Ballade of Perseverance.

IT WAS nearing the time for the afternoon performance at Spottsford, and the crowd was out. The burdock, jimson, iron-weed and thistle that a few short hours before had spread their fresh green foliage to the cool breath of morning in virgin luxuriance, untrodden by the foot of man, were trampled into the red dust, and wilting in the glare of the sun in a hundred crooked paths converging to the bare space about the weather-beaten tents. Up one street of the town and down another the gorgeous and scintillating, if somewhat meagre, parade had passed, the calliope hoo-hooing out its strident notes, the band blaring with reverberating brassiness, satin coats of many colors bobbing up and down to the action of glossy bays, creams, blacks and sorrels, spangles flashing, beauty, in cheesecloth robes and cotton fleshings, smiling radiant carmine smiles, wild beast caravans lurching in the ruts, and the elephant shuffling on before, his pendulous proboscis swaying rhythmically to the music; then the big tent had gaped and swallowed it. Outside the fakirs were beginning to do business. William H. Simpson, whose seeming obliquity of vision had gained for him the sobriquet of "Cockeye," was doing business.

"The Sam Higgins Hippodramatic Aggregation of Equestrian Enterprise," as Mr. Higgins had impressively styled it, was no three-ring show with eight or ten acres of canvas, an army of talent and retinue and a freight train of baggage; it was a one-ring, one-horse (metaphorically speaking) sort of thing, where the sacred cow was milked by the lily hands of the leading lady and the world-famous prestidigitateur, M. Armand Jean Champeltier, did sleight-of-hand with culinary utensils in the mess tent, in addition to his regular show stunt. Nevertheless, it was not a bad show. It did not quite come up to the three-sheet posters, perhaps, but, alas, how few enterprises, equestrian and otherwise, ever do in this wicked world! And then its assortment of attached pastimes, technically known as "skin," might have reflected credit, from a certain point of view, on a "three-ringer." It certainly added largely to the revenue of Mr. Higgins. Between the box-office and the graft there was not much loose cash floating around in a town after the Aggregation had left, except what jingled and rustled in the pockets of complaisant municipal authorities.

Yes, Simpson was doing business. Quite a crowd of young men, the tan of whose ingenuous countenances was emphasized by the beautiful shiny whiteness of their collars and whose gala garments seemed to pain them, clustered about the little three-legged table whereon he manipulated the three harmless-looking little walnut shells with a quick, clean touch. But they were not all young men. One in particular, who was watching the game heedfully, with an unmistakable gleam of cupidity in his eye, was quite an old fellow, judging by the grayness of the beard that bristled out from his already protruding chin. He was a big man, a head above most of the bystanders, even as he slouched forward in his eager attention to the elusive pea, not burly, but rather of the slab-sided, loose-jointed build. From time to time he smiled craftily, and then a large yellow fang showed at each side of his wide mouth in a wolfish sort of way.

"This is a square game, gents," the adept explained with an air of sweet candor. "It's a case of the quickness of the hand deceiving the eye when you lose. If you've got a quick eye and you're willing to back it, you can take my money away from me as easy as falling off a log. A dollar? Make it five. Be a sport. Well, if you won't, then—There you are! Blamed if you didn't guess it right that time. I'm glad you didn't make it five. Try it once more. I'll bet you twenty you can't place it twice hand-running. Two spot, eh? Well, that two spot's mine. No it ain't, by Jucks! Well, look at that boy! Skinning me right and left, ain't he? And there's a gentleman stuck me for thirty half an hour ago. Ain't that so my friend?"

The sharp-featured man in rustic attire, who stood almost at his elbow, nodded. "Forty-five," he corrected.

"That's so," said Mr. Simpson. "Forty-five it was. And now he draws out. He ain't going to give me no chance of winning it back. But I ain't kicking. Any gentleman is free to come in when he likes and drop out when he likes. I don't care how much he's won. Try it again, son. I don't mind. I've got to lose this wad sooner or later and you might as well get it as anybody. What is it this time? Five? Make it ten. What's the use of ruining me by inches? Clean me out quick and have done with it. Ten? That's right. You're about the best I ever struck. I believe you see through them shells. You —No, you didn't do it that time, did you? Well, we can't always win. Try it again. Nothing venture, nothing gain. Well, if you won't —— Who's next to ——"

Mr. Simpson was seized with a violent fit of coughing. As he politely turned his head aside, the sharp-featured countryman quickly picked up one of the shells, disclosing the tiny shell ball, and as quickly replaced it, and winked at the crowd.

"Well," said the unsuspecting "Cockeye," shaking his roll of bills, "who's the next. Who can locate the little ball for money, chalk or marbles? Who's the dead-game sport wants to back his judgment? I'm willing to take all bets. There ain't no limit but the bright blue sky above us."

"I'll bet you fifty dollars I kin put my finger on the shell it's under, if you want to go that high," drawled the old man with the bristling jaw, producing a well-worn pocketbook.

"Better make it a hundred," urged Simpson with an insinuating smile.

"Fifty's all I've got or I would," said the old man, grinning, and putting up the money. "It's under there," he said, laying a long, bony forefinger on the shell that had just been raised.

Simpson lifted it. "I guess you're mistaken, ain't you?" he said.

It appeared so, certainly. The pea was decidedly not there.

"Now, I thought I put it under this here middle one. Yes, sir, here it is. Try it——"

The next instant the little table was spinning in the air in the direction of the menagerie tent, impelled by the cowhide boot of the victim, who then proceeded to take the dismayed Simpson by the throat and choke him. Bill Kinsman, who was close by, gave the rallying shout and buffeted the old man on his bulldog jaw so that he threw Simpson aside and turned with a yelp of rage on the rescuer, dealing him a mighty blow in the pit of the stomach that stretched him white and gasping on the ground. At this juncture Milton Henneberry and Red Bagley made a frontal attack, while Dennis Malone and Jimmy Robbins came up in the rear. For a minute or two it seemed that the doughty ancient would shake off the four, but a tent stake descended on his head with some force and he went down, the circus men on top of him.

There was a little trouble about it, but it was easily proved to the town-marshal's satisfaction that nobody connected with the circus was to blame more especially as the evidence was ex parte, owing to the disability of the presumptive complaining witness. The next morning the Sam Higgins Hippodramatic Aggregation of Equestrian Enterprise was well on its way to the next town billed.

It spoke volumes for the recuperative faculties of the elderly farmer man that within a week he was able to have Simpson arrested, three towns away, on a comprehensive accusation of assault and battery, mayhem, grand larceny, conspiracy to defraud, and running a common gaming-house, contrary to the peace and dignity of the State and the statutes in such cases made and provided. He appeared in person with a large area of his countenance decorated with diachylum plaster and one arm in a sling, otherwise whole, and apparently with a fine, healthy appetite for revenge. It made Simpson nervous—both the grim and uncompromising aspect of the old man and the awful impressiveness of the charges he had made. Higgins himself shook his head with a serious air when he read that warrant; he said that during his entire professional career he had never encountered anything more calculated to strike terror and dismay to a guilty heart than its solemn verbiage, and, although he didn't want to be discouraging, it looked like a ninety-nine-year sentence to him, with no discount for good behavior. But he was not the man to despair utterly. He bailed Mr. Simpson out as a preliminary step, and the day following he bought for his follower a nice little *nolle prosequi*.

"Mr. Jay Rubenyap certainly was a game loser," said Mr. Higgins, speaking in aftertime of the occurrence. "I looked to see him have an attack of heart failure complicated with blind staggers right there, but he never peeped. He looked at 'Cockeye' and the ends of his mouth curled up, wrinkling the sticking-plaster and showing his dog teeth, and then he went down into the recesses of his jeans and hauled out a pocketbook that set half of the spectators to dribbling. He paid the costs, and with a spasm of his visage left the courtroom. Somehow, I was glad to see him go."

It was very nearly a month later when the Aggregation reached Eglinton. That is not much more than a hundred and fifty miles from Spottsford in a direct line, but some circuits had been made, and the show only patronized railroads in its shoots to and from winter quarters. That brought the time to the early part of August. The hour of the afternoon performance was approaching; the parade had just passed through the town, gorgeous and scintillating as ever, and the flaps of the big tent had closed upon its magnificence. Outside the spieler was hoarsely barking the merits of the two side-shows, and, stimulated by judicious prodding, the animals in the menagerie were grunting, roaring, squealing and snarling in an equally alluring way. The wheels of fortune were turning briskly, their indicating points just stopping a little short of the big prizes, the clatter of the rings thrown at the bristling canes mingled with the thud of the balls hurled at the Ethiopian effigies and the spiteful crack of the shooting-gallery rifles; sun-browned youths, and maidens beribboned and starched, whiskered patriarchs, frilled infants, matrons in the dignity of Henrietta cloth, barefoot boyhood and robust hired-manhood, all a-pleasuring bent, thronged about the booths and stalls, and "Cockeye" Simpson, smooth-shaven, smooth-voiced, insinuatingly candid, benevolently beaming behind his little three-legged, oilcloth-covered table, was not deserted of these.

Suddenly Mr. Simpson stumbled in his swift patter and his expression changed oddly. It took something to discompose him, and for a moment he was obviously discomposed. The cause was a long, hatchet face with a tuft of dirty gray beard outthrust from a massive chin. It was a smiling face, and its smile disclosed two yellow, lupine fangs at the corners of the mouth. It was a face to be remembered, and Mr. Simpson thought he remembered it.

Nobody ever accused the amiable "Cockeye" of timidity or a lack of nerve. He could hardly have attained his professional eminence if he had been of an apprehensive nature. The next moment he was again urging his audience to throw aside considerations of cold and calculating caution and the slow methods of wealth accumulation, and by a lucky guess possess themselves of more in a minute than they could


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earn in a month. For his part he scorned money. He had more than he could use, anyway. That was why he was trying so hard to get rid of it.

The objectionable face had disappeared. After all, there was nothing especially remarkable about its appearance. Simpson promptly forgot it. Presently the crowd began to drop away as the performance began, but business was fairly good all the afternoon, and at night, under the flare of the gasoline torch, it became brisker than ever.

Early the next morning Simpson was discovered by the driver of the village dray lying unconscious and breathing stertorously in an alley. He was lifted into the dray and conveyed to the one drug-store, where it was found that he had three ribs broken and some internal injuries, not to speak of a large bump on his forehead. He regained consciousness, and asked for Sam Higgins.

"Who done it, Simp?" asked Higgins in a voice choked with emotion.

"It was Elizabeth," said Simpson faintly. "I gave her a plug of tobacco last week without taking the tag off, and it stuck in her gullet and like to choked her before she coughed it up. She sneaked up behind me on the sidewalk and picked me up and slammed me against the fence and then pitched me into the alley."

"He's nutty," said Higgins to the doctor, who was looking mystified. "The elephant hasn't been loose, I'll swear to it."

And, indeed, the supposition could hardly have been entertained with reason. The board sidewalk was in a state of decay and could never have borne Elizabeth's weight. In addition to that, Chunder Lat Walai, the Indian prince who had Elizabeth in his charge, swore by all his deities that the elephant had been chained to a peg all that night. However, Simpson maintained that it must have been Elizabeth.

There was no time for the unraveling of the mystery, though; Simpson had to be left till he could recover, while the circus moved on to Gassaway. There was fair business there, enough to justify three days' stay. On the second day Milton Henneberry, who had the cane and cutlery game in charge, told Red Bagley that he saw "that husky old guy we done up at Spottsford mouching around." Red thought Milton must be mistaken. "But we're out of the State, anyway," he said; "he can't do nothin' now."

"Not a thing, only freeze your blood," assented Milton.

That night Milton Henneberry got into trouble. About twenty men availed themselves of the darkness between the town and the circus-grounds and assaulted him with clubs and slung shots. He was in an awful condition when they picked him up, and could barely tell the story of the inexplicable outrage. He said that he had not been drinking—not any more than usual, at least—and had insulted nobody. He was going quietly along, minding his own business and not interfering with nobody, when those ruffians jumped him in a body.

"How many did you say there was?" asked the Gassaway chief of police thoughtfully.

"I said about twenty," replied the sufferer.

The chief shook his head. "There wasn't no tracks but his own an' one other feller's," he said in an undertone to Higgins. "I follered them clear along to the cinder track. It wasn't more'n one man did the job, an' it wasn't robbery, because he left him his watch an' money."

Milton heard. "You can't make me believe that any one man could have hit me so hard and so often," he protested with some heat. "Couldn't they have trod in each other's tracks, you mutton-headed jay, job-lot o' brass buttons an' bunk?"

"I allow he got what was comin' to him," said the chief, as he left the room. "He'll exercise that gift of elerquence some time and git killed instead o' beat up."

Higgins made arrangements to have Milton cared for, and went away chewing hard at his cigar. Red Bagley met him on his way and told him of the appearance of the old man from Spottsford. "Course there mayn't have been anything to it," he said, "but he certainly had his ears laid back as if he was going to kick when he looked at me."

Higgins chewed on a moment and then spat out the cigar. "Let me know if you see him again," he said.

Bill Kinsman was the third of the faithful attachés of the Aggregation to be the victim of a mysterious and unprovoked assault. It was a bad case, too, that of Kinsman. And it had happened that the square, outthrust jaw and bristling, dirty gray beard of the man from Spottsford had been seen the same day in the crowd gathered about Bill's wheel of fortune. The thing began to make the concessionaires uneasy. Higgins called to him Red Bagley and Thad Cresswell, who were men he thought he could rely on. "You two follow that bloody, old, two-fisted rube and persuade him to stay behind when the show moves on this time," he said. "I don't like to take harsh measures, but a hint ain't no use to him."

"You want us to fix him?" asked Thad.

"I thought you had sense," returned Higgins. "Do you want me to give you written, signed instructions what to do?"

"Kindly excuse me," said Bagley. "In the first place I ain't sure he's responsible for the mortality, an' in the second, what's the use of chicken broth an' port wine if somebody else has to feed it to you with a teaspoon? I'd sooner keep a skinful of whole bones and eat at a two-bit rest'rant."

It was a poor reward for Red's compunction, but at Sandyburg he dropped out of the force with a broken collar-bone and severe contusions. At Waynesville Jimmy Robbins had a fractured skull to mend, and Thad Cresswell, who was with Jimmy in ambush at the time the bolt leaped out from the blue, kept him company in the infirmary of the Sisters of St. Anne—on the next cot.

The case of Dennis Malone at Cleviston—plain ribs—was the last straw. Higgins decided to interview the man from Spottsford himself. The showman's nervousness had been increasing for weeks and was infecting the entire Aggregation; it was noticed that he hardly took ten steps alone without looking over his shoulder, and there was a bulge in his hip pocket that had never been there before. It was one thing to look for the elderly Nemesis, however, and quite another to find him, as Thad Cresswell had discovered; he had a trick of unostentatiously fading away and remaining invisible that had added in no small degree to the terror he had lately inspired. But he was found at last sauntering along with a big, knotty stick held behind his back in his big, knotty hands and an air of leisurely interest. When Higgins confronted him he smiled the lupine smile the circus man had remarked in the courtroom, and then stood with a particularly alert look in the faded blue eyes that shifted beneath their bush of brow, much as a fencer might await an attack.

"Say," demanded Higgins, "what are you doing here?"

"Follerin' your circus around," replied the Spottsford man with a grin. "It's sech an all-fired good show I can't seem to get enough of it."

"How much will you take to quit it and go home?" asked Higgins.

The old man again displayed his yellow fangs and, shifting his stick to the other hand, pulled out a dirty, canvas-covered memorandum book and a bunch of paper slips secured by a rubber band. "Here's my doctor bill first," he said, handing one of the slips to Higgins. "That's fifty dollars even. Then here's the receipts for the court costs—'member? Eight seventy-eight. Here's railroad fare. Look 'em over an' see if they're added up right. Make it forty-two naught five, an' the tavern expenses—they foot up big. Hundred an' twenty-three twenty. Then there was the fifty your outfit skun me out of. Two seventy-four naught three. Call it two seventy-four."

Higgins hesitated and the old man smiled. "O' course there ain't no reason why you have to pay me a cent, but I reckoned your conscience'd hurt you if I hung around an' sort o' reminded you."

Higgins hesitated no longer, but began to skin bills from a roll with a practiced hand. "You haven't charged anything for your time," he remarked sarcastically.

"Well," said the old man from Spottsford, "I did calculate to, but, gosh ding it all! I hain't the heart. I've had a heap too much fun."

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# LITERARY FOLK

## THEIR WAYS AND THEIR WORK

### A Trade Novel

NOVELS are no longer so much works of literary art as articles of commerce. Novelties of all kinds are the best sellers—if they happen to create a fashion—but the cautious merchant prefers, as a rule, to put his money into a staple article, that is sure to meet a steady demand. There are certain reliable lines of literary goods that with all the fluctuations of taste remain staple, and of these the detective story is one of the best—not the Gaboriau or Sue yarn for the modern market, but a more subtly flavored dish like Sherlock Holmes. Mr. Elwyn Barron, ex-Chicago-journalist, dramatist, and author of Manders, has turned out for the current season a very readable sample of this class in Marcel Levignet. Old Levignet is a Parisian Sherlock. He has a stupid confidant into whose ears he pours his own and his clients' innermost secrets, and he has a faithful servant. With these two and an adventuress and a heroine we have the necessary ingredients for the soufflé. The Paris flavoring is lighter than the London—boulevards, cafés, subterranean passages and bacchanalian boudoirs; but the French Sherlock talks more pompously-dull philosophy than his great model was ever guilty of, and is a meddlesome old gentleman who, like a Chicago detective, stirs up half the trouble that keeps him busy. But Mr. Barron's is a good trade article, entertaining enough for the couple of hours it demands. There is not, of course, a trace of imagination or freshness in the thing, but that is not required of a staple article. A new flavor might kill the brand.

### The Breath of the Moment

IN THE stagecoach days the newspaper never thought of being timely: news was news, no matter how antique. With the coming of the railroad and the telegraph the newspaper was forced to become up-to-date, and then ahead of time, until to-day it makes the news that ought to happen. While the newspaper was getting on time, the magazine was left to be leisurely and reflective. But the itch of timeliness has got into the weekly and the monthly periodical: they are after the thing just done, hot from the wires, as keenly as the daily paper.

Some bright young editor will make a reputation by discovering all for himself that nothing is new, that the "news" all happened long ago, and that a thorough treatment of good material is more paying than a scrambled, scrabbled, unbaked version of the last lie telegraphed to the office. There are still millions of simple readers who will never know whether the "stuff" is red-hot or six months old, and others who will welcome any good article more than a newspaperish hash of what they read in the morning paper. The weekly, and still less the monthly, cannot compete in timeliness with the daily paper. Timeliness, after all, is a matter of imagination. "I never consider," said a wise editor, "that anything has been done until we do it in our magazine."

### A Story for Women

MR. ROBERT HICHENS is one of those novelists who appeal to women more strongly than to men. His Garden of Allah, with its hot breath from the African desert, its sun-scorched landscape and its intense human passions, has had a great vogue among the sex that reads novels and prefers them either very sweet or very glowing. There were few characters in the book and there was no great attempt at character study, but there were many elaborate descriptions and the great passion was well to the front. Mr. Hichens has moved a few hundred miles to the north for the scene of his new book, to the island of Sicily, but the atmosphere scarcely pales. It is still the South. The few characters of The Call of the Blood are steeped as before in the warm sun, and there is much ardent description of the wonderful old island with its strangely mingled races, of Etna and the dark sea beneath. Mr. Hichens knows Sicily, at least the Taormina end of Sicily that so many travelers have delighted in, and his sympathetic pictures of this romantic coast give to his story another interest. The method of writing novels about celebrated spots of tourist pilgrimage has its reason in this globe-trotting age!

The theme of the story is heredity, which supplies for the modern story-writer something of the fascination of supernaturalism. Scientists, to be sure, have abandoned heredity, at least in the crude shape that was popular after Darwin. But as a tragic motive it is too useful for the novelist to discard yet. The call of the blood in this case is the remote call of moral irresponsibility through a nameless Sicilian grandmother, albeit that the hero and the heroine are sufficiently contrasted in nature to produce all the trouble needed without dragging in heredity. A handsome young man married to a woman intellectually and spiritually his superior may commit follies with a pretty peasant girl without possessing a Sicilian grandmother, and if he indulges in such indiscretions in Sicily, the land of the ready knife, he is likely enough to meet with sudden death. Mr. Hichens' attempt to endow his Tito with the apparatus of a conscience is painful: he succeeds better with the landscape.

### Neglected Water-Wagons

C. H. FORBES-LINDSAY, whose book on Panama, the Isthmus and Canal, is just from the press, has one great advantage over most other writers on his chosen subject: Mr. Lindsay was in Panama while the French were there, misdirecting energy and money, and he is thus in a position to make comparisons which he does not hesitate to say are all in favor of American methods. In November, by the way, Mr. Lindsay accompanied the Presidential party to the Isthmus, for he is a great believer in the value of our waterways, which, he says, have heretofore been the most shamefully neglected things in the Western Hemisphere. Nor is he alone in his hope for their future. Some years ago, Andrew Carnegie said to him:

"Freight rates by water are generally about one-eighth of freight rates by rail. For heavy goods—for material where the unit of value is small as compared with the unit of weight—the future means of interstate transportation in America will be almost entirely our developed waterways."

### Emerson Who?

Excited by the tales I read
Of West lands, wild and rough,
Enthusiastically, I need
To speak of Emerson Hough.

But indecision mars my praise,
In doubt I choke and cough,
There are so many splendid ways
Of saying Emerson Hough.

At "Half-way House" I pause, indeed,
Nor venture on, although
It seems a very urgent need
To mention Emerson Hough.

Could I attain my "Heart's Desire"
Thro' obstacles I'd plow
Till face to face I could inquire
Of Mister Emerson Hough.

Despondency, into its slough,
Deep as an Irish lough,
Will plunge me, unless I learn Hough
Is Mr. Emerson Hough!

—*Clara Purvis*

### Greek Meets Trojan

SOME months ago Mrs. May Wilson Preston was asked to illustrate an article on evidence and the law-courts, written by Arthur Train. Mrs. Preston had never seen Mr. Train, but, contrary to the popular theory of illustrators in general, she read the article. Then she decided to go to court for her sketches. She went at random. As she entered the courtroom, a young lawyer was explaining his theory of evidence to the "twelve good men and true" in the jury-box. He used no notes, but he was quoting *verbatim* and liberally, from Arthur Train's unpublished article. The thousandth chance had befallen, and author and artist met.

DO YOU RECOGNIZE THIS VIEW?

It is the sky line of New York City, whose population today is as great as was that of all the states and territories of the United States west of the Rocky Mountains at the last census. Its population is greater today than was that of the entire country when Washington was inaugurated President. Its annual revenues of $125,000,000 are more than two-thirds those of Spain, and more than one-third those of Italy. They are one-fifth of those of the United States Government.

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# The Gallant Mr. Gildersleeve

(Concluded from Page 7)

"Not very," he qualified.

"I'm so glad," she said. "And now, if you'll hurry up and take it back ——"

"Surely you won't ask me to go back alone, when you know the owner may be waiting there with a constable to have me arrested!"

"But you're so big and strong!"

"Yes, I'm pretty strong," he admitted.

"And you could get away from them so easily," she continued.

"No, no," he said, "it won't do. Of course the automobile has to go back, and of course I'll take it. But you've got to go with me."

"Oh, please!" she pleaded.

"I'll not budge an inch unless you go, too," he declared.

She eyed him with the utmost scorn. "Very well, I'll go," she said.

Save for the drone of the engine and the hum of the coils, the first half of the run to the row of maple trees where Gildersleeve had discovered the girl was made in silence. It was now past five o'clock, and the sun had already slipped behind a neighboring hill. The girl looked anxiously ahead. There was no one in sight, but a score of people might be awaiting them in the shadow of the maples.

When within a hundred yards of their destination Gildersleeve slowed down so that the automobile barely moved. "Do you see anybody?" he asked.

"No," she said tremulously, "but ——"

"Isn't there some one moving there by that last tree?"

"I'm not sure," she replied.

"I am," he said, bringing the car to a full stop.

"Are you going to leave it here?" she asked.

"I'm going to let you get out here."

"And go on alone?"

"Yes, and go on alone."

"You shall do nothing of the sort! I got you into this scrape, and I'll see you through it."

Gildersleeve eyed her with admiration, and threw in the reverse.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"I'm turning round. I'm going to take you home."

"Why?" she demanded.

"Because you are true blue and a thoroughbred," he replied.

"But how will the man get his car?"

"I'll see that he gets his car, I'll promise you that."

"And you only insisted on my going ——"

"To see whether you'd go or not."

"And you weren't afraid?"

"Not a bit."

She looked at him doubtfully. "I'm not sure whether I admire you or hate you," she said. "But I've learned one thing this afternoon—I *adore* automobiles! And remember," she continued, as they came to a stop at the place from which they had started ten minutes before, "my father is cashier of the Tuckham National Bank and if you get into trouble with the owner of this car I'll see that he comes to your rescue."

Gildersleeve expressed his thanks. "I'll not get into trouble," he replied.

"I hate to see you go back there alone," she said.

"I'm pretty big and strong," he suggested.

"Yes," she agreed; "but I'm sorry."

"Please don't be sorry!" he pleaded.

"I can't help it when I think ——"

"Then don't think."

"I can't help thinking how nice it would be ——"

"How nice what would be?" he asked suspiciously.

"How nice it would be if that automobile were really mine," she replied. And with this parting shot she turned and fled up the geranium-bordered walk toward the white house.

When well out of sight she hopped over the geranium-border on to the lawn, where, from behind a flowering shrub, she watched the gallant Mr. Gildersleeve climb into the car, throw off the brake, and start slowly down the road.

That, in itself, was well enough, but he was going in the wrong direction. Why didn't he turn round? She waited one minute, two minutes—then, advancing with caution to the edge of the road, peered anxiously in the direction the car had taken. Nothing rewarded her vision save a cloud of dust. "Of course he's only going for a little spin," she told herself.

After waiting another two minutes she was less sanguine. "Good gracious," she exclaimed, "I hope he hasn't stolen the car. If he has, I'll never forgive myself! He didn't look like a thief, though. Perhaps" an illuminating thought came to her—"Perhaps the car—— But that's nonsense!" she decided.

. . . . . .

Twenty miles away, at the Castleton Country Club, two men in evening dress were dining together.

"I haven't asked you how you made out on the trip," said one. "You came alone, didn't you?"

"Yes," the other replied, "my chauffeur was laid up with neuralgia, but I did very well by myself unusually well," he added.

"And you like your new Bashard-Brayton?"

"It's a grand car, Billy. I should have been here sooner, only I came off without any extra spark-plugs. I cracked one just this side of Wolf's Run, and walked back to Tuckham for a new one. Of course I could have finished the trip on five cylinders, but when a fellow has six he rather sniffs at the idea of traveling on five. Besides, the engine wasn't any too cool—not actually overheating, you know, but hot enough to make it a good plan to rest her up a bit. And I really enjoyed the walk to Tuckham, and the chance it gave me to stretch my legs. I'm awfully glad I went back, too."

"Any other complications?" asked his friend.

"Only one, Billy."

"A puncture?"

"No, a girl."

His friend smiled. "I suppose you'll be starting for Lenox in the morning?"

"No; I've changed my mind. That is, if you'll put me up here for a week."

"Good boy!"

"And Billy ——"

"What is it, Gordon, old man?"

"Do you know the cashier of the Tuckham National Bank? Because, if you do, I want you to take a spin over there with me to-morrow and introduce me to him."

"Yes, I know him well. Do you want to open an account at his bank?"

"No," said Gordon Gildersleeve, "that's not it, Billy. I want to meet him so I can take his daughter for a ride in my new Bashard-Brayton."

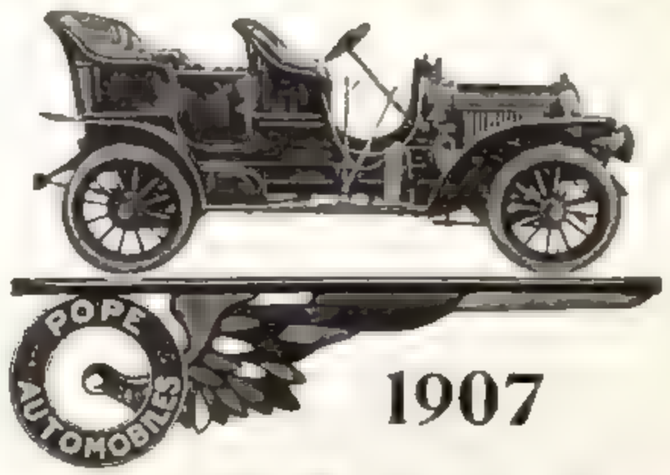
## Saving the Salmon

THE first effort of the Government to plant salmon in Alaskan waters is now being made. A fully-equipped hatchery for the purpose has been established at Yes Bay, in the southeastern part of the Territory, and another is being set up on Afognak Island, south of the Aleutian chain. The first eggs were incubated for planting last summer, and it is expected that these two stations, when they get fairly started, will contribute at least one hundred million salmon fry.

Afognak Island is already a Government preserve, no game or fish being allowed to be killed or taken there, and, thanks to certain natural conditions, it is doubtless one of the best localities in all Alaska for salmon-culture—the spawning grounds, which are affluents of lakes, being at all times under observation and control.

The species of salmon to the hatching of which special attention will be given is the "redfish"—otherwise known as the "blueback," or "sockeye." Fortunately, unlimited supplies of the eggs of this valuable fish are obtainable, notwithstanding the extensive depletion of Alaskan streams by overfishing. There is no special difficulty in hatching the ova, though the period of incubation is eight or nine months.

The purchase of Alaska from Russia by Secretary Seward was quite generally regarded as a piece of folly at the time when the bargain was struck. Nevertheless, it has turned out the most profitable investment that Uncle Sam ever made—a fact sufficiently obvious when it is stated that the salmon alone, caught in the waters of the Territory from 1868 to 1906, inclusive, have had a total market value of seventy million dollars.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# THE RISE OF HARRIMAN

(Concluded from Page 17)

concern, and he was not inclined either to sell out or let Union Pacific get a foothold in his own personal preserve of California. But August 14, 1900, this forceful person died in the night of heart disease in a camp in the Adirondacks.

The Huntington estate held over 300,000 shares of Southern Pacific. Speyer & Co. had been Huntington's bankers, and they had as much more. In the fall of 1900 times and stocks were booming. Everybody was talking about "community of interest" in the railroad world—which meant partly that the big fish were getting the small ones neatly swallowed. And Harriman was after Southern Pacific. It was alleged that U. P. would build its own independent line to the coast—and the burly old gentleman who had bossed California was not there to prevent it.

### Taking Over the Southern Pacific

The end of January, 1901, Mr. Speyer admitted that his house had sold its large holdings of Southern Pacific; but he would not disclose who had bought the stock, nor the price paid. He said: "That would be contrary to my agreement with the purchaser, who desired that both facts be kept secret."

There seems to have been no particular reason for this secrecy, except that Mr. Harriman will hardly let his left hand know what the right is doing. Perhaps, he enjoys keeping the Street guessing. A little later, however, Harriman's men took a majority of the places on the board, and it was confessed that Union Pacific had bought 750,000 shares of Southern Pacific stock. The next year it bought an additional 150,000 shares, making in all ninety millions(face value), or about half the amount outstanding—which is just enough to insure a good working control. The original 750,000 shares bought from the Huntington estate and Speyer cost about fifty dollars a share. Kuhn, Loeb & Co. underwrote and floated forty millions of Union Pacific bonds to finance the purchase.

The acquisition of Southern Pacific—one of the very largest roads in the country—would have made a sensation in ordinary times. But in those days Wall Street had so many sensations that it really couldn't pay much attention to any of them. The wildest bull market ever known was in full swing. Southern Railway had just bought Mobile and Ohio. The United States Steel Corporation was forming. Brokers' offices buzzed with talk of a huge railroad deal on in James J. Hill's territory.

### The Great Rival in the Northwest

Hill, Harriman's great rival, is a person of quite different type. He is decidedly a railroad man. He built his Great Northern. He is a genius at developing traffic and at handling it economically. There is probably no other single person who has so powerfully influenced railroad practice in the operating department. His cry is for more tonnage and bigger trains and heavier engines to move it. True, he cries of other things—for he is a good deal of a democrat. He likes to make speeches to farmers at State fairs and to merchants at dinners, because he is interested in them. He is a very stocky man, deep-chested and strong-necked, with a remarkably solid-looking head picturesquely framed in an iron-gray beard and hair—except that the frame has worn out at top. He is always accessible to anybody that has business, and he speaks to the point. He is liable, at times, to become quite irascible, and the point he speaks to in dealing with delinquent subordinates is often painful.

It is characteristic of him that his deals generally "leak." He is not at all secretive. So presently—early in April, in fact—the Street knew it wasn't St. Paul that Hill was after, but Burlington. A glance at the railroad map will show Burlington's strategetical position with regard to Union Pacific. If Burlington were to pass into Hill's hands, Mr. Harriman naturally wanted to know where he came in. He inquired at headquarters, but did not receive much comfort.

Morgan, who had just floated the Steel Trust, among other feats, was the colossus of the Street then, and Morgan was backing Hill. Possibly Hill, the great builder and operator, did not have so high a respect as he might have had for the mere Wall Street man who was making such a stir in the railroad field to the south of him. Hill and his personal friends absolutely controlled Great Northern. Morgan had reorganized Northern Pacific; had a lot of the stock in his office, and undoubtedly counted on his immense prestige to swing it as he wished. So Harriman's requests for assurances that Burlington would not be used to the detriment of Union Pacific were treated rather cavalierly.

April 12 a Hill representative admitted that Great Northern and Northern Pacific were going to take over the Burlington jointly and that enough Burlington stock was already in hand to insure the success of the deal. April 25 an official statement was made that the two Northern roads would pay for Burlington stock, at $200 a share, in their joint bonds. And at the same time it became evident that somebody was buying a great deal of Northern Pacific. Hill and Morgan did not have a majority of Northern Pacific, and this heavy buying looked ominous—so ominous that on Monday, May 6, J. P. Morgan & Co. commissioned an able trader to go into the market and buy 100,000 shares of Northern Pacific for them. The able trader bought it. Next day Kuhn, Loeb & Co. and Harriman sent the Hill forces word that they had an actual majority of Northern Pacific. This friendly assurance, it appears, was taken with a bag of salt; and both sides began calling in the stock that they had bought. It promptly developed that, as usual, many cheerful gentlemen had been selling stock that they did not own and could not deliver.

### The Squeeze Which Made a Panic

Day by day, as more and more stock was called in, the position of the shorts grew more acutely distressful. Between Hill on one side and Harriman on the other they were in a hydraulic press. Their frantic efforts to get hold of Northern Pacific stock and so release themselves from the awful squeeze, sent the price of the stock up to 160 by the close Wednesday. And still both sides demanded delivery of Northern Pacific certificates. Thursday forenoon, the ninth, Northern Pacific went to 170, to 200, to 500, then to an even thousand dollars a share, so that a man who had sold short only a hundred shares of it a week before stood to lose ninety thousand dollars.

### Harriman Comes Out Ahead

Of course, panic followed. Nobody could tell who was broke. In two hours, from ten o'clock to noon, there was the biggest and wickedest stock-market smash ever known. Meantime brokers were appealing to Kuhn, Loeb & Co. and Morgan & Co. to let up—to forego demanding delivery of the stock. But the whole Burlington deal, in fact the whole Western railroad situation, hinged on control of Northern Pacific. Each side wished to register and vote the last possible share. Neither side would let up. Then a broker got an injunction restraining the Stock Exchange from closing out the shorts under the rule—giving them a small, much-needed breathing spell, in fact. The whole stock list was a vast wreck. Banks were alarmed lest wholesale insolvency followed. Harriman, Stillman, William Rockefeller, Gould, Schiff, Hill and all the big men were holding hurried conferences, and at half-past twelve it was agreed by both sides to cease demanding delivery of Northern Pacific and to let the shorts settle at $150 a share.

That night James J. Hill and Daniel Lamont took dinner at the Metropolitan Club. At a near-by table sat Edward Henry Harriman. Mr. Hill spoke affably, Harriman as affably replied, and they had a friendly little chat—about horses. Northern Pacific and the stock-market were not mentioned.

When the shares were counted up Harriman had a majority. He—or Kuhn, Loeb & Co. for him—had bought over sixty millions of it after Hill and Morgan had practically closed the Burlington deal. Obviously, Mr. Harriman was to be consulted regarding the disposition of the Burlington road.

# Miss Kinglake's Experiment

(Continued from Page 15)

"What do you know about it?" cried the woman, wheeling about on her.

"I happened to be watching all the time," Dorothea continued more evenly. "The girl did *not* take it, for I should have seen it if she had."

"And you expect us to take your word for that?" the now infuriated female raged. "Nothing but a shopgirl! I've no doubt you're as bad as she. How do I know that you are not a confederate? I ask," she said, turning to the detective, "that you search this person, too"

For an instant Dorothea was silent. The imputation, the accusation was so sudden, so amazing, so incredible that she was struck dumb. She could not believe her ears. She could not trust her senses. Then the tension broke. The absurdity of the situation struck her. She laughed softly to herself

"I should like," she said, speaking no longer as Number 523 but as Miss Dorothea Kinglake, "to see the owner of this establishment."

If she had planned a *coup de théâtre* she could not have found anything more successful. Her calm words fell on the silence with startling effect. For an instant no one stirred. All stared in an immobility of astonishment. Then some one giggled. A ripple of amusement ran through the crowd. A sailor of the forecastle requesting a private conversation with the Admiral of the Fleet could not have created greater consternation. A private of the line asking speech with the Commander could not have caused more sensation.

"Are you batty, girl?" asked the detective at length.

"I think," said Dorothea, looking at him, "that the proprietor will see me."

Her words, her manner, had an effect upon the man accustomed to watch people narrowly. His hand fell from the child's arm. The enraged woman, herself somewhat disconcerted by the sudden and amazing demand, held silence.

III

"JACK," said Miss Dorothea Kinglake with great solemnity, "I haven't got much of a Christmas present for you this year."

They stood together in the wide library, brightened with the big, red-ribboned wreaths and garlands. A great cluster of violets on the table gave their perfume. Afar off in the large house a clock chimed. Outside was the brilliancy and purity of a perfect winter's morning—of Christmas morning, when all is fresher and newer and more hopeful and happier than on any other morning of the year, or seems to be. As if echoing the chime of the clock some distant church bells carilloned softly and merrily. "Peace on earth." The message could be read everywhere. "Good will toward men." The feeling was in the sunshine—in the clear air, in the gentle, soothing calm.

"That is the reason that I didn't send it to you last night, Christmas Eve," she continued thoughtfully. "I wanted to explain."

She held out to him a sheaf of three curved sprays of lilies of the valley. Bound with a sprig of maidenhair fern, they formed a boutonnière.

"They were all I could get for the money."

As she observed his sudden look of surprise, she laughed and continued quickly:

"Oh, let me tell you. I've got so much to say. I wanted to give you something entirely different from ever before—from anybody else. Something which would be a surprise; something which would have more character. I could not think of a thing. At last I had an inspiration. I would earn the money myself for the present!"

"You made the money for this?" he exclaimed.

"Yes," she answered. "It's all that I could make. Isn't it absurd? Isn't it pitiful and humiliating? Sit down."


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He sank beside her on the long, leather-covered divan. Bending forward she began her narration. At first a smile curved his lips. But a more serious look succeeded it.

"When I asked to speak to the head of the business," she narrated, "you should have seen the commotion. If I had been demanding an audience with the Grand Mogul the disturbance could not have been more. They thought I was mad. However, I just whispered my name to the detective. He stared at me for a moment. Then something seemed to make him believe me. He was a very intelligent man. 'All right, miss,' he said, 'I'll see about it.' The proprietor did receive me at once, and a more nervous, embarrassed little person you never beheld. And apologetic? He couldn't understand how I got there or why I came. He appeared to regard it as a case of entertaining angels unawares. Anyway, he listened to all that I had to say. . . .

"You may be pleased to know that Miss McCloskey is now the head of the Toy Department, and that Mr. Wilbur, the floor-walker, has been promoted to take charge of the Exchange Desk. . . . I never had such fun. Going back to the manager to get my pay was an experience I would not have missed for the world. He was not willing to give me anything at first. However, a mysterious tip from headquarters made him hurry to put in my hand what he said was coming to me. At three dollars a week for the time I had been working I should receive exactly thirty cents, plus five per cent. commission on my sales to Mr. George Dewey Bowker. However, there was a ten-cent fine for my being absent without permission, so I was only entitled to twenty-four cents. With the influence emanating from the office, he wanted to remit the fine. I was very haughty about it, and would not hear of it. I would only consent to take what was my due. There I stood with twenty-four cents with which to buy a present for you. . . . The lilies of the valley were the only thing I could get for the sum. I hope you like my splendid gift."

"Like it," he said. "I like it better than any that I ever had in all my life. I prize it more. I am prouder of it."

"Of course," she continued, "from a strictly business point of view, I do not suppose that I even gained the twenty-four cents. I certainly did not come out ahead. I've made up my books and balanced them this way."

She held out a piece of paper to him. He did not take it, but he glanced at the sheet over her shoulder. He read:

| Gain | |
|---|---|
| Six hours at 5 cents an hour .. | $0.30 |
| Commission at five per cent... | .04 |
| | $0.34 |
| Less fine ..... | .10 |
| | $0.24 |

| Loss | |
|---|---|
| Christmas tree for George Bowker ..... | $25.00 |
| Miss Maggie McCloskey ..... | 100.00 |
| Pearl Clark sent to country for health ..... | ? |
| Linda Kraszewski sent to school in country ..... | ? |
| Mr. Wilbur's mortgage ..... | 1400.00 |
| | $1525.00? |
| Less ..... | .24 |
| Net loss ..... | $1524.76? |

"Really," she continued, "as a practical venture, the result can hardly be called brilliant."

"Dorothy ——" he spoke.

"But—but," she sobbed suddenly—"I have learned so much. And you don't mind not having more?"

"Yes," he said gently as he bent a little closer.

She turned to look at him—then averted her eyes.

"Yes," he said, "because I want more—the most. I want *you*. Can't you give me that Christmas present?"

"Yes," she whispered. "Jack—Jack! Merry Christmas! Only there are more than ourselves. We must remember others. I've learned *that* from my present."

# THE WIDOW VOGEL

(Concluded from Page 9)

He shrugged his shoulders and smiled winningly. "What about part cash and a gilt-edged Second Avenue mortgage? Eh!"

They thought about it, looked up the Second Avenue mortgage, and sent for him. "We'll go you," they told him. The deal was closed. They patted him on the back. "You got a bargain, Mr. Kleinfeldt," they told him. "And *such* tenants. Gee!"

"*I* know good tenants when *I* see them," Kleinfeldt assured the agents.

Three weeks later the title passed. Walsh & Wilson held out one hand for the cash and the Second Avenue mortgage, and with the other hand held out the deed. The exchange was made.

"I guess it's all right, Mr. Kleinfeldt," they told him. "There you are—*Lena Heimboldt Vogel to Gustav Kleinfeldt.*"

"Lena Vogel!" gasped Kleinfeldt. "Is *she* the seller?"

"Sure," they answered; "there it is, on your lawyer's search. It's all O. K. She had the title; we made the contract; we deliver deed to you. Lena Heimboldt Vogel. Good old German name. Gustav Kleinfeldt. That's a good name, too. And say—those tenants, Mr.——"

Kleinfeldt did not wait to hear more. He rushed up to the One Hundred and Thirty-seventh Street house. *Tenants!* There were *no* tenants; they had *left*.

"A lemon," groaned Kleinfeldt—"I have been handed out a lemon! And such a rotten one. I, who am so smart."

It was all quite true. Kleinfeldt had mortgaged his *good* investment on Second Avenue. He had said he would sell his shirt. Well, he sold his shirt before he ever sold his new One Hundred and Thirty-seventh Street house. *That* stuck to him, closer than a brother, until the first mortgage on it was foreclosed. Then the One Hundred and Thirty-seventh Street house, like the tenants, folded its tent like the Arab and silently stole away. But Kleinfeldt struggled. Before the house had slipped from his grasp he turned to the widow Vogel.

"Maybe," he asked of her, "you could fill this here house up for me with them there free tenants?"

She held up her hands. "Such a deceptions! Never would I practiced such a deceptions. Never! But it is like you to ask. You are a Kleinfeldt."

"You've been doing it for me right along," he said.

She looked him squarely in the face, and her glance was like a blow between the eyes. "Never!" she virtuously affirmed. "Never have I had a free tenant in any house of yours. Never! *Such* deceptions! Such a man!"

Kleinfeldt finally came to understand. He was smart enough for that. But the widow Vogel only waved him aside. "I got no times to talk now, my good man," she said. "For I am so busy foreclosing my good mortgage on a Second Avenue property downtown. Hein?"

. . . . . .

Mrs. Mulligan is back on Second Avenue for good. Her landlady was the widow Vogel. She is *still* landlady, but she is the widow Vogel no more.

"So you married Kleinfeldt, after all?" asked Mrs. Mulligan, when she first came back to her former place of abode.

The widow Vogel sighed. "I married him," she admitted. "I tell you. I jilted that man so many times so many years ago. I had no use for him. Nein. He was such a coward. He was not brave. And he was so stupid. But, now—well, I married him, after all. Eh? Why not? He is a good janitor and he keeps this here furnace pretty good. And, besides, he is good and strong, and he is so useful. He works. Oh, he works so hard. He likes to work." She picked up an effective rolling-pin and poised it reflectively in the air. "He likes to keep downstairs and work so hard. And besides," said the widow Vogel, "I got to have some strong man like him to put out peoples when they don't pay rent. Hein? Widows what can't pay rent and such. You see? He is good as gold for that."

The widow Vogel sighed. "I like to get back here to mine house on Second Avenue. It's just like home to me. Jah. Hein?"

"Here's twinty dollars month's rent in advance," said Mrs. Mulligan.


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# Sampson Rock of Wall Street

(Continued from Page 15)

The next man happened to be old Morton, and all he said was: 'I pass, Colonel.' That really ended it. Why, they couldn't raise half a million cents in half a million years." He paused triumphantly.

"Well?" Darrell spoke impatiently.

"The Colonel would have it that they didn't need half a million dollars, and I said we didn't need it if the Central gave us more cars and carried a little of our paper just to encourage an infant industry, which every railroad did. To cut a long story short, they voted to make repairs out of earnings, and I said: 'Then, gentlemen, no dividends for five years, and I say five years because I'm naturally a hopeful sort of cuss.' Robinson said, very sarcastic-like, that it would not take that many years to find a less hopeful manager, and that there was no reason why dividends and repairs couldn't happen at the same time. I said I'd pay the expenses of the search for the man who could work wonders by putting in thirty hours out of the twenty-four and besides be his own chemist, bookkeeper, mining engineer and cook, and that my resignation was in their hands, to take effect whenever they said so. That took the wind out of their sails." He looked at Sam, conqueror-like, but Sam asked him quietly:

"How did the accident to No. 3 happen?"

"How? Because it was due to happen. It's a miracle we didn't get it earlier."

"Aha!" muttered Sam. Perhaps it was merely good luck. He desired the Austin Iron Company more than ever, since he had decided to witness with his own eyes the regeneration of the Virginia Central under Rogers, as soon as the control of the Central passed to the Roanoke.

"You don't think I did it on purpose, Mr. Rock?" asked Fletcher with a sort of politely amused look. "It's just as I've told you. I've had to take all sorts of chances, because my people pushed me and were keen for more dividends. They got what they deserved. It's the old penny-wise, pound-foolish policy. It doesn't pay."

"Getting down to business, what did you do about our matter?" asked Darrell coldly.

Fletcher very impressively took a little memorandum-book from his pocket and read aloud from it: "Nine thousand three hundred shares. But they must have their money this week and the option is good for thirty days only in most cases. On thirty-six hundred shares I've got sixty days. When I saw that all we needed to cinch the control was 800 shares, I didn't fight for the six months' time."

"Our terms were based on six months ——" began Darrell. But Sam broke in—he felt that he had the control, and the terms of payment concerned him least of all:

"I'll pay you the $25,000 I promised you now. And keep on trying to get as much more of the stock as you can. Suppose you turn it in to me at cost, plus five per cent. commission to yourself?"

Darrell smiled, because he understood Sam's eagerness and rather liked the gambler-like decision. But Fletcher figured rapidly. He had made a handsome profit on the 9300 shares he had already secured and would make more. He saw a broad avenue before him, suitable for rapid locomotion and paved with gold. He blinked his eyes in order to awake.

"It suits me. But more than anything else I want to see you get the company and make things hum," he said with a happy laugh. "I'm beginning to get gray hairs waiting to start."

Sam wrote out a check for $25,000 to Fletcher's order and gave it to the little manager silently. He changed his mind and spoke—in a kindly voice: "This is the first, Fletcher. I hope it won't be the last, but that depends upon you." He turned to Darrell in time to detect the ghost of a smile on the Westerner's lips, and said: "Jack, I'm going to send some telegrams. Excuse me a few minutes, Fletcher. Just talk matters over with Darrell, will you?"

Darrell accompanied Sam to the door.

"What's on your heavy-weight mind, Sam?"

"That I'm going to need a heap of money and need it quick. Now that we've got the iron company, I'm going after the real article. I'll be back in a minute."

He telegraphed to Valentine to deposit to his credit at the Metropolitan $30,000, and to his father he sent this message:

*Have drawn on Metropolitan National Bank to order of Darrell for $500,000. Please see that the money is forthcoming. Have found immensely valuable property. Darrell puts in as much as I. Am sure you will approve my action.*—SAM.

He went back to hear the discussion between Fletcher and Darrell, conscious of a rather mild excitement at having burned his bridges behind him. He had decided what his own future should be, and the prospect pleased him. It was not long before the answer to his telegram came:

*Certainly not. Stop draft at once. Come home.*—S. R.

Sam frowned; then he laughed and wrote—Darrell looking over his shoulder as he did so:

*Too late to stop anything. Have had best advice. You are getting off cheap.* —SAM.

Darrell said seriously: "Take out that last alleged witticism. Perhaps you'd better do as he says and go back."

"Not yet," retorted Sam. "Leave the Colonel *now?* What are you thinking of?" He gave the answer—unchanged—to the waiting boy and said: "Please have this go at once. You can keep the change if you hurry up."

The messenger earned his money.

Fletcher had carefully but gleefully figured that not more than $50,000 cash would be needed for the next fortnight, and having dismissed the matter of the options from his mind, was grandly building the model iron plant of the South for his new master. His enthusiasm pleased Sam. Fletcher had quadrupled the capacity and decupled the net earnings when another telegram came for Sam. It was brief:

*Return immediately.*—S. R.

He passed it to Darrell, who said seriously: "I told you perhaps you'd better. Anybody else would have wired the Judge to have you examined by a commissioner of lunacy."

"Yes?" said Sam absently. He rose, and walking to a window stared at the sunset for a full minute. He went back to the table, sat down and wrote slowly:

*If necessary sell half my mother's bonds. If you don't I shall telegraph the bank to do so for my account. Draft must be honored. I mean business.*— SAM.

"Let me see it," said Darrell quickly, as Sam was about to give it to the boy—the same boy that had earned his money before. He read it and looked at Sam, making no motion to return the message. Sam looked at Darrell and extended his hand. Darrell shook his head dubiously.

"Sam, you don't need that much. Why don't you ——"

"I think I'll need it before I'm done, and I'm taking no chances."

"Then take it down yourself," advised Darrell, returning the telegram. "I think you'd better send it from the main office, next block. We'll all go down. Fletcher, get a hustle on with the rest of the stock and keep in touch with me."

They were at dinner when Sam heard again from his father.

"We'll save it for dessert," smiled Sam.

"No; read it now," said Darrell.

*Draft will be paid. Don't do it again. Come home at once.*—S. R.

"No answer," Sam told the waiting boy.

"What are you going to do?" asked Darrell.

"I'm going to wire my thanks and a promise to be more economical next week, when I may draw again, and I am ——" He paused and stared fixedly at a corner of the dining-room. Darrell followed his gaze, saw nobody in the corner, and said:

"Wake up, Sammy. What is it you are going to do?"

"I'm going to get Robinson's stock. It might as well be done now as later."

(TO BE CONTINUED)


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